BRITANNIA and EVE

JULY
1946

BARRY PEROWNE
STANLEY JACKSON

GILBERT HACKFORTH JONES
JANE GORDON

F. MATANIA, R.I.

1/6

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BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 33, No. 1 JULY, 1946

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All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia & Eve," Commonwealth House, Number One New Oxford Street, W.C.1, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia & Eve" will be found on page 68. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

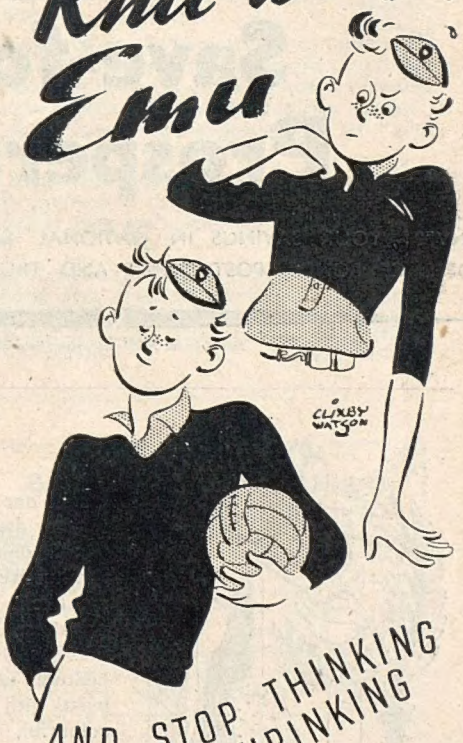
The Inland Postage for this issuo is 3d.

Fingers Crossed!

Many a girl sets out to buy Pond's Face Cream with her fingers crossed, hoping she won't be disappointed. Very gradually, more Pond's Creams are coming into the shops. If you do get Pond's, it's better to spin it out and make it last as long as possible, than to risk buying an unfamiliar brand of face cream. Prices: 10½d. and 2/2½d., including Purchase Tax.

POND'S
COLD CREAM
VANISHING CREAM

Knit with Emu



AND STOP THINKING ABOUT SHRINKING

Emu
UNSHRINKABLE WOOLS

EMU WOOLS LTD. (Wholesale only)
EMU HOUSE · OXFORD CIRCUS · W.1

THE A.B.C. OF SAVING—No. 10

POST-WAR SAVINGS

1 Some people ask, "Why go on saving now the war's over? We know supplies in the shops are still limited, but why shouldn't we spend our money on what's available?"

2 If we spend now, we're fighting one another for a small supply of goods. That sends prices up. We probably don't get *exactly* what we want—and we've said good-bye to our money!

3 If we go on saving we're building up our cash for good times ahead. Then, with a wider choice of goods—and good values—in the shops again, we'll be able to buy just what we want—*and we'll have all the more saved!*

HERE'S WHERE WE ALL COME IN

4 Let's do what's best for *ourselves*—let's look ahead! We'll leave our money safe in Savings—and add to it. For the more we put into Savings now, the better off we'll be when better times are here!

Save for Prosperity

INVEST YOUR SAVINGS IN NATIONAL SAVINGS CERTIFICATES, DEFENCE BONDS, POST OFFICE AND TRUSTEE SAVINGS BANKS.

Issued by the National Savings Committee

OP-N8

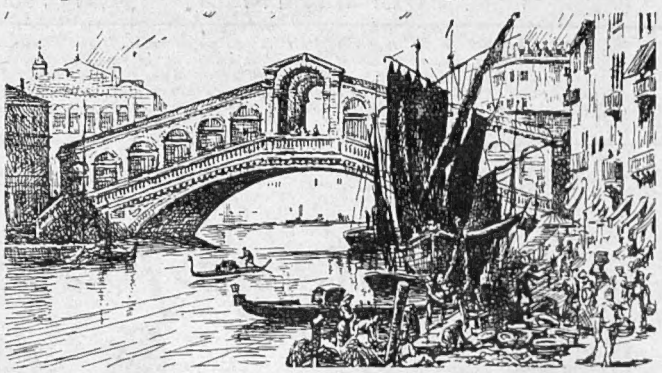
Ought one to like rushes in vases, regency drapes, bits of chi-chi? Or would clinical-looking "modern" furniture be safer? It should be just as you like in your bedroom, your own private setting for your own private life. Soon you'll be able to make your bedroom as personal as your fingerprints with new Sundour fabrics . . . colourful, delightful to live with.

Sundour

FINE FURNISHING FABRICS

A BOUQUET FROM ITALY

"...your remarkable organization"



A business that has survived the changes and chances of a century and a half, to emerge "still going strong" at the end of a long and exhausting war, is obviously the product of an organization as flexible as it is sound. It gives us great pleasure to receive bouquets like this one from Italy: "'A good many years have elapsed since first I opened an account with you, and I have often had cause to appreciate your remarkable organization."

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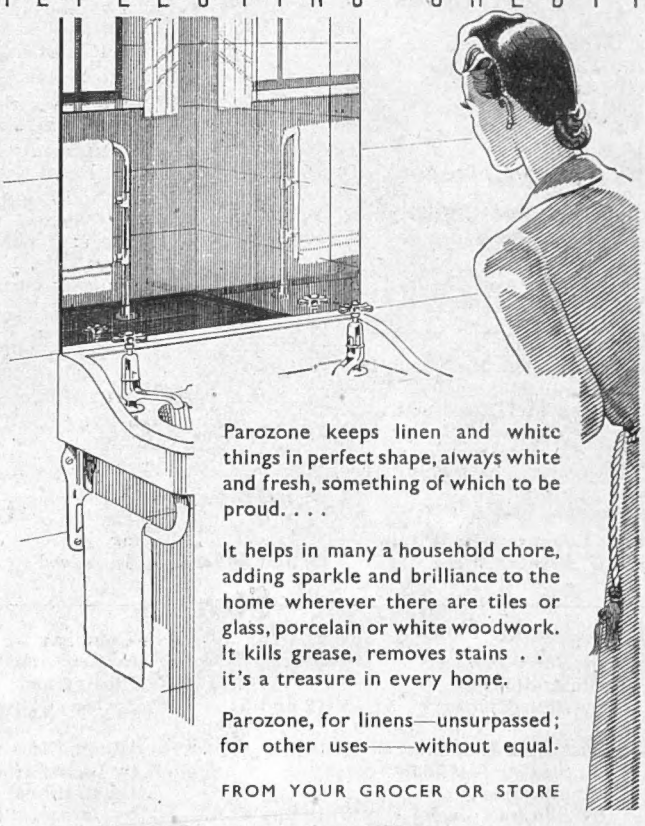


Parozone keeps linen and white things in perfect shape, always white and fresh, something of which to be proud. . . .

It helps in many a household chore, adding sparkle and brilliance to the home wherever there are tiles or glass, porcelain or white woodwork. It kills grease, removes stains . . it's a treasure in every home.

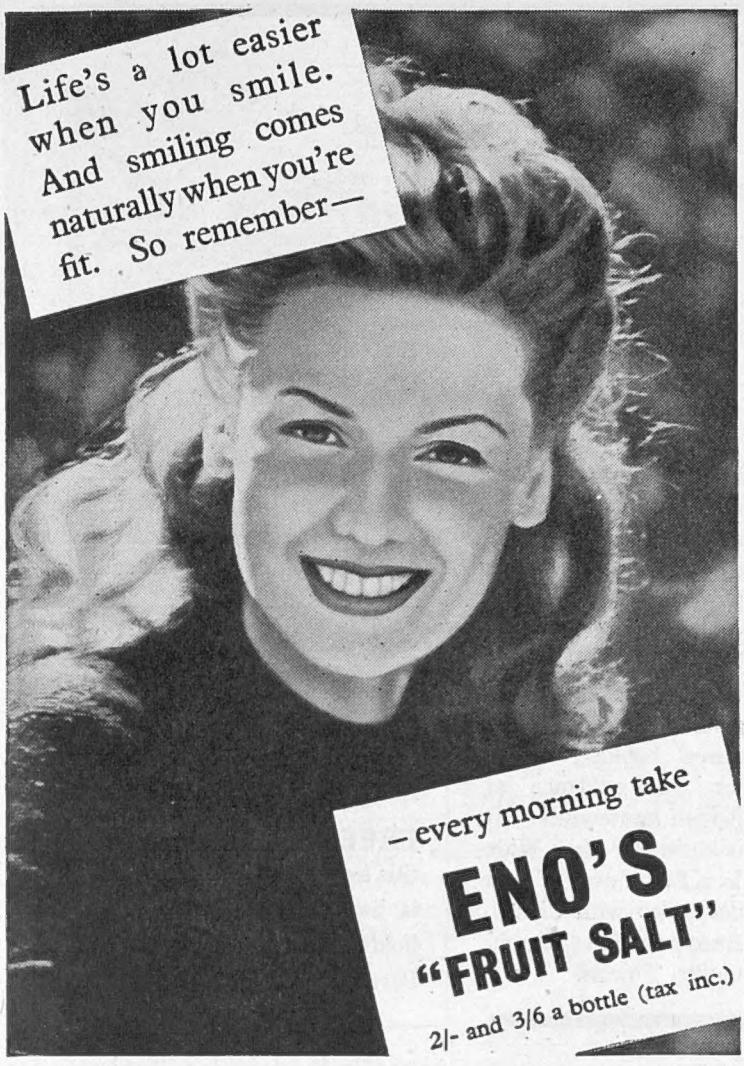
Parozone, for linens—unsurpassed; for other uses——without equal.

FROM YOUR GROCER OR STORE

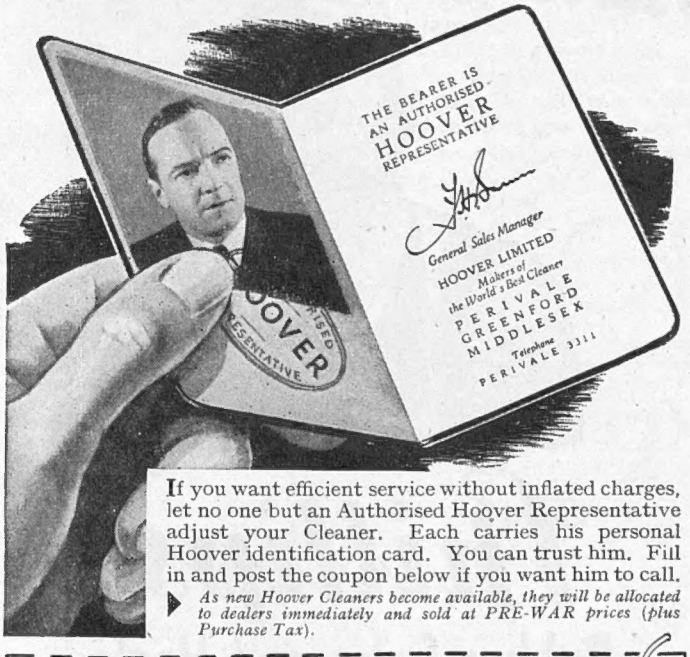
Don't blame your suppliers if you can't get all the Parozone you want. Bear with us, please—we are doing everything to maintain supplies.

PAROZONE REGD

DOES MORE THAN BLEACH


Life's a lot easier when you smile. And smiling comes naturally when you're fit. So remember—
— every morning take
ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"
2/- and 3/6 a bottle (tax inc.)

Passport to real Hoover Service!



If you want efficient service without inflated charges, let no one but an Authorised Hoover Representative adjust your Cleaner. Each carries his personal Hoover identification card. You can trust him. Fill in and post the coupon below if you want him to call.

▶ *As new Hoover Cleaners become available, they will be allocated to dealers immediately and sold at PRE-WAR prices (plus Purchase Tax).*

HOOVER Ltd. (C.209) PERIVALE, GREENFORD, MIDDX.

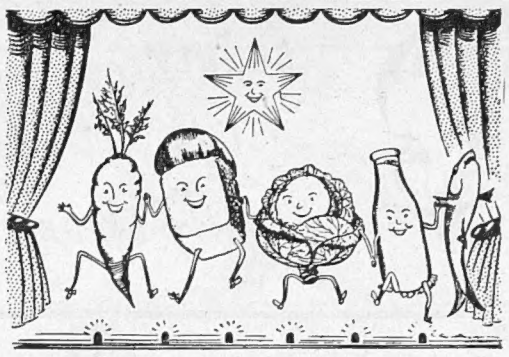
▶ MY HOOVER NEEDS SERVICE!

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

Telephone No. .....

"WHICH FOODS DO WHAT?"—No. 4



star turns

Some of our ordinary every-day foods are so extra rich in one or more of the health-protecting vitamins and minerals, that they are the star turns on the menu of every woman who wants to keep her family fit. As a busy housewife, you may find it too much of a good thing to remember details of all the foods and an alphabet of vitamins. So at the bottom of this announcement you'll find a simple guide. Follow it, and you can be sure that you're giving everyone a share of the foods they need for vim and vigour.

And here are some recipes. They have been tested in the Ministry of Food kitchen. We think you and your family will enjoy them.

CHUTNEYED FISH

(For 4 people.) 4 fillets fish, ½ oz. margarine, 1 oz. plain flour, salt and pepper, ½ pint fish stock or milk and water, 2 tablespoons chutney, 1 teaspoon lemon substitute. Grill or bake the fish. Melt margarine, mix in flour and cook for 1-2 minutes. Add fish stock and stir until well blended, bring to the boil. Add other ingredients and cook 5 minutes. Serve fish with this sauce poured over.

CHOCOLATE MOULD

(For 4 people.) 4 level tablespoons semolina, 2 level tablespoons cocoa, 3 level tablespoons sugar, pinch of salt, 1 pint milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence. Mix semolina, cocoa, sugar and salt to a smooth paste with a little of the cold milk. Bring remaining milk to boil and pour over blended semolina. Mix well, return to pan, stir until it boils and boil for 5 mins. Add vanilla. Pour into a mould and serve cold.

Join the crusade against waste of Bread

We must not waste while others want

Have these foods in some form every day

1 — See that everyone has his or her full allowance of milk. Don't put the children's milk in the family teacups; at the same time, take *your* fair share.

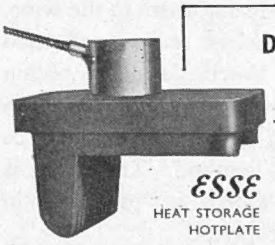
2 — Give a serving of potatoes and two servings of other vegetables; one green leafy one correctly cooked, and one yellow or red one (for instance, carrots, swedes, tomatoes — beetroot doesn't count, protectively speaking, though it adds something in flavour and appearance). *Also some raw salad.*

3 — Include 4 to 6 slices of bread and butter or margarine. This amount is for health protection. Bread and jam or paste doesn't do *instead* but is tasty and useful for additional filling-up purposes.

4 — Have a serving of meat or fish (fresh or canned) or cheese or a cheese dish. Sometimes help out with pulses (dried peas, beans or lentils).

MF

ISSUED BY MINISTRY OF FOOD (S143)



Do you know the meaning of HEAT STORAGE COOKING?

ESSE HEAT STORAGE HOTPLATE

The illustration shows the massive ESSE MINOR Heat Storage Hotplate. The extended tongue, which is in actual contact with the small, continuously-burning fire directs a continual flow of heat into the Hotplate body. Thus a great reserve of heat is built up behind the thick cooker insulation. The surface of the Hotplate when not in use is insulated by movable bolsters. In this way, the ESSE Heat Storage Cooker reduces fuel cost to a minimum and is ready for instant use 24 hours a day. Fuel: anthracite, Phurnacite or coke.

THE ESSE COOKER COMPANY (Proprietors: SMITH & WELLSTOOD LTD., EST. 1854)
HEAD OFFICE & WORKS: BONNYBRIDGE, SCOTLAND.
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beauty lies deep in a really clean skin

Thoroughly cleanse the skin with firm upward - outward strokes of cotton wool well soaked in Anne French Cleansing Milk.

Remove surplus Cleansing Milk with dry cotton wool or soft Cleansing tissue. Now you are ready to make up.

During the day whenever your skin needs refreshing, use Anne French Cleansing Milk and look your best.

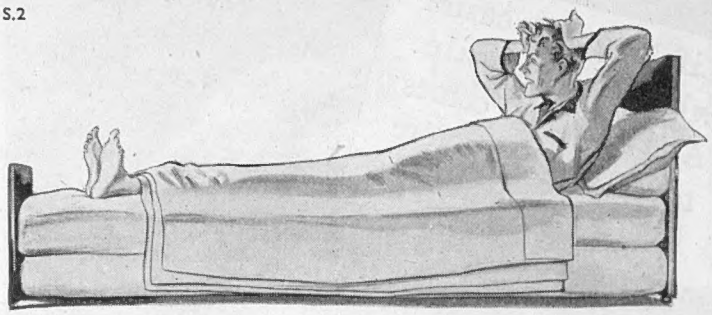
Because it is so finely emulsified, Anne French Cleansing Milk penetrates DEEP into your pores to clear away the tiny specks of dust, so often the cause of skin blemishes.

Anne French
CLEANSING MILK

Price 2/6 including Purchase Tax

2/5 OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1

S.2



How big is a blanket?

People who ask for merely "single-bed" or "double-bed" size are apt to regret it, for "stock" sizes vary a lot. Ample length is as important as ample width for a generous tuck-under, excluding draughts and making the bed-clothes stay put during sleep. How to make sure of correct proportions before you buy blankets is among many valuable hints given in the new illustrated booklet, issued for the guidance of British housewives. It is entitled "How Wide Is a Bed Cover?" and deals also with Sheets, Bedspreads, Down Quilts, Towels.

FREE: Write for your copy of this helpful booklet (the edition is limited), to Vantona Household Advice Bureau, Dept. 45, Portland Street, Manchester.

VOTRIX

Why it is wise to say . . .

NOW LET'S HAVE A GIN AND VOTRIX

Closely guarded by the makers of all good Vermouth is the exact method of preparation — the proportions of the aromatic herbs, and the method of introducing them to the wine. Fortunate in the possession of an ancient recipe, well tried and proved by time, the makers of Votrix Vermouth obtain the final perfection of flavour by using delicious wine from selected Empire grapes and blending it with aromatic herbs in the old and accepted traditional method. The result is public knowledge, yet, because Votrix is prepared in England it is still available at a fair price.

VERMOUTH SWEET OR DRY 9/-

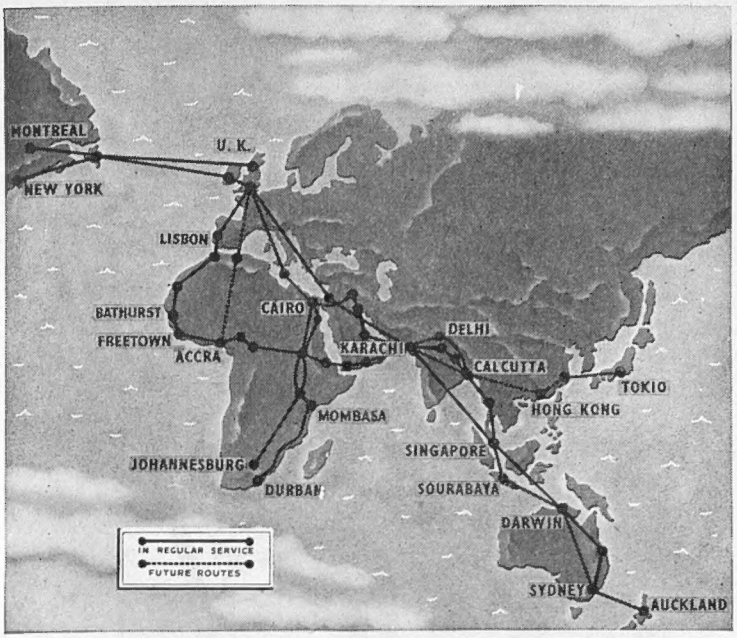
PRODUCED AND BOTTLED BY VINE PRODUCTS LTD., KINGSTON, SURREY

Take it from me -

Phillips

Rubber Soles and Heels double the life of your shoes

PHILLIPS RUBBERS LAST LONGEST



Our part of the job

Under the national air lines scheme, the Empire, Far East and North American routes were allotted to B.O.A.C. You can see the pattern of our chief commitments in this map. West, South and East across the world run the lines to the New World, the Empire and the Orient. That is our part of the job; an important part, and one we are proud to play. But, above everything else, a part that has been very soundly rehearsed. Our men have been pioneering, organising and flying the Empire routes since the first line from Britain to India was opened. That was in 1929: which gives us 17 years of learning how.

B·O·A·C

BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION & ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

SHORT—

but not for long?

Kestos is in short supply. The cloth is less fine than in pre-war days. But under normal conditions the proper materials will be available again. And with them new styles in Kestos Brassières and Foundation Garments.

KESTOS

KESTOS LTD., MADDOX HOUSE, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1

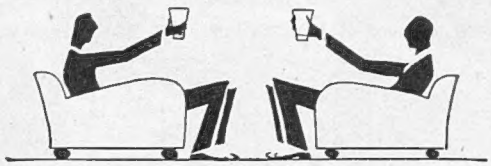
Your lovelier self

through the personal genius of

Goya

Perfume Powder · Lipstick

161, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON



If we had

some whisky we would have

a Whisky and Schweppes

if we had some

Schweppes

...but I've got a tin of NESCAFÉ!

O happy day when you get a tin of Nescafé! Fragrant, full-flavoured coffee—made instantly—right in the cup. No bother; no coffee-pot to wash up; no messy grounds. Just the enjoyment of grand coffee. Demand still continues to overwhelm supplies, so you may have to be patient. However, here's to the great day when you get *your* Nescafé!

NESCAFÉ IS A SOLUBLE COFFEE PRODUCT
composed of coffee solids, with dextrins, maltose and dextrose, added to retain the aroma.

15

A NESTLÉ'S PRODUCT

Vita-Weat

REGD.

PEEK FREAN'S CRISPBREAD

By Appointment
Peek Frean & Co. Ltd.
Biscuit & Vita-Weat
Crispbread Manufacturers

MR. PEEK:
'The news flies round from mouth to mouth'

MR. FREAN:
'There's Vita-Weat for North *and South.'*

* The Government zoning plan limiting the distribution of crispbread has now been lifted.

Made by Peek Frean & Co. Ltd., makers of famous biscuits

WELCOME BACK

WITH OPEN ARMS

Pre-war quality SPOSS Furniture Dressing is back again to give your furniture the easiest, quickest and most brilliant polish it has ever known.
It is the complete beauty treatment for all furniture.
Get SPOSS Furniture Dressing today!

SPOSS FURNITURE DRESSING

4 oz. BOTTLE 1/3. 8 oz. BOTTLE 2/-

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201

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say
NEW WORLD
—it makes a world of difference

Improved models ready shortly.
Only Radiation Cookers have the Regulo.

(9)

PRODUCT OF Radiation Ltd

Peaceful sleep HELPS A CHILD GROW!

Your child must have long hours of unbroken, restful sleep if she is to grow and gain as Nature intended. When stomach upsets rob her of this needful sound rest, a small dose of *' Milk of Magnesia ' will soon put the little one at ease. ' Milk of Magnesia ' also acts as a gentle laxative. Mothers everywhere depend upon it because it is so mild and harmless. Keep ' Milk of Magnesia ' in the medicine cabinet *always*.

'Milk of Magnesia'

* *' Milk of Magnesia ' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.*

Is Your Journey . . . . . ?

IT certainly is necessary for most people to take a good holiday this year *and the railways will do their utmost to provide a comfortable journey for all who decide to travel.*

New rolling stock is being built as quickly as possible, but there cannot yet be enough seats to go round at the week-ends, especially in July and August.

The railways hope that all who can will avoid the peak travel periods and so add to the general comfort.

GWR ★ LMS ★ LNER ★ SR

. . . complete hand care

IT TAKES ONLY 3 MINUTES A DAY! First, hand-beauty rule; shape nails with Cutex Emery Boards. Second, go round the cuticle and cleanse under nail-tips with Cutex Cuticle Remover and Nail Cleanser. Finish off nails with Cutex Cuticle Cream or Oil. Finally, work in Cutex Hand Cream thoroughly into each hand. This simple Cutex routine keeps busy hands young and lovely.

Made by the creators of CUTEX LIQUID NAIL POLISH

away flies and safeguard food

FLIT

KILLS FLIES AND INSECT PESTS

The welcome back to Kia-Ora

Will be a furore;

It's supremely (needless to mention)

Thirst-quenchin'.

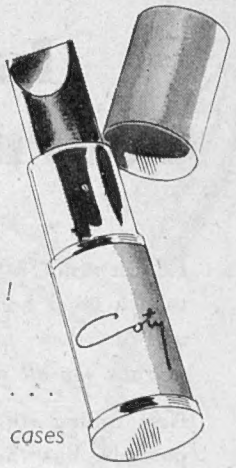
Kia-Ora Fruit Squashes
and Cordials

'I want to see the manager'

A PRELUDE to a complaint in other establishments but *not* in a bank. Banks like their managers to be seen. Customers are encouraged to enquire about the many services a bank offers. Responsible women should take advantage of these services. It will help them to manage their affairs with greater skill and make saving easier. A bank account is a big asset. Any woman who earns a steady income should open one. See one of our managers about it.

WESTMINSTER BANK
LIMITED

A LUXURY LIPSTICK



Dramatic accent, silken-textured
like the lips of youth!
Smoothly, easily applied . . .
Fashion-right shades for every costume . . .
and in the ***new*** *two-toned* ***metal*** *cases*
precision-fitted so the top stays on
in your hand-bag!

Coty

Gitane, Dahlia, Bali, Moyen, Vif, Cassis, 7/6 including tax

Here's to the return of

'Viyella'
Regd.

for merry-jaunting

Let's look forward to the dash and colour of blouses and frocks made from unshrinkable 'Viyella', the family fabric of each generation.

VIYELLA HOUSE DAY NIGHT WEAR NOTTINGHAM

V.3

Every piece of leather in your Liberty Shoes is specially cut and chosen by an expert craftsman

Walk with Liberty

It is the assurance of quality in every detail of the material and workmanship of your smart, exclusive Liberty Shoes that makes it such a real pleasure to Walk with Liberty. So many people are aware of Liberty quality that increased demand makes supply a little difficult in these times.

LIBERTY SHOES Ltd., Leicester

B.E.1

" You 'll deal in puzzles," Lois was told. " You 'll be a sort of detective. But outside, you 'll forget the Codes Room exists. You 'll be just a case of amnesia—a mental zero ! "

Zero Girl

A Short Story

By

Barry Perowne

Illustrations by Albert Bailey

FROM the window of the Embassy Codes Room, above the courtyard where the shining cars with their diplomatic flags purred in and out, Lois Forrest had looked down on triumph, tragedy and the hidden hand in the international chess game.

Triumph she had witnessed in the person of one of the great field commanders of the war, slipping unobtrusively into Paris before the magnitude of his victory was yet dreamed of by mankind.

Tragedy she had later glimpsed in the colourful figure of Heath Hamilton, " roving diplomat " and " international trouble-shooter," the disappearance of whose daughter, Sonia, with the subsequent developments of ransom demand, ill-advised payment in marked currency, and the terrible discovery of the girl's body in the Rambouillet woods had resulted in the passing of Hamilton from public life.

The hidden hand in current history had for a moment materialised a digit for Lois in the shape of an enigmatic little man with octagonal spectacles, of whom, as an outcome of certain messages she had coded, she knew not only that he was the greatest " high-level " agent alive, but whence he had now come and what was the nature of the political dynamite he carried. Such glimpses of human destiny and high policy a codist kept locked in her head.

" Your job," Lois had been warned, " is one hundred per cent. confidential. In office hours you 'll use your brains. You 'll get mutilated code groups that you 'll have to unravel by imagination and deduction. You 'll deal in puzzles. You 'll be a sort of detective. But *outside*, you 'll forget the Codes Room exists. You 'll be just a case of amnesia—a mental zero ! "

To achieve this act of oblivion, Lois, being incapable of dismissing from her mind an unsolved problem, made it a rule never to hand over to her relieving codist an incomplete message.

So it was that one night she committed the outrage of being late for a date with that most punctilious of younger-career diplomatists, Mr. Fourth Secretary Philip Graven.

Being only an hour and three-quarters overdue at the rendezvous—the Café Montparnasse, where they were to have met prior to going on to a party given by some friends of Philip's—Lois felt mildly piqued to find that the Embassy's arbiter of elegance apparently had washed his hands of her. Nowhere was he to be seen.

" Too much for his mouldy old dignity," thought Lois, " to wait for a mere codist ! "

A slim girl, hatless, with amber, shoulder-length hair and grey, friendly eyes, her hands in the pockets of a belted, tan coat, she selected an empty table, and—having no idea of the address where the party was being held—ordered herself a technicoloured syrup, perfectly content to relax for half an hour, in contemplation of Montparnasse at its *apéritifs*, before she took the Metro back to the codists' hostel.

The big café was brightly lighted and animated.

Idly watching the scene, Lois presently became aware that she was herself an object of study. Not only that, but that her attractive features were being immortalised by the hand of an artist.

The café was on two levels, linked by a flight of broad, shallow steps, up and down which scurried waiters in starched aprons, juggling trays.

The presumptuous Bohemian sat alone at a table in the angle formed by the steps. If he realised that Lois had become aware of his activity, he remained unembarrassed. He continued to draw rapidly, throwing down one pencil and taking up another, now and then glancing across at her with dark, vivacious eyes.

" Go ahead," thought Lois tolerantly, " but if you 're hoping I 'm in the market for portrait sketches, you don't know what a codist's pay is ! Anyhow, you 've got my wrong profile ! "

She sipped her drink. She was familiar with the type of artistic harpy which, with a grubby portfolio under its arm, a cigarette glued to its lower lip, and an electric eye for custom, prowled eternally in and out of the Montparnasse cafés. But her brief glance at the present uncommissioned draughtsman had left her with the impression that he was not of the regular type. He was outside the union. He was too conventionally dressed, his dark hair was too closely trimmed, his leathery, lined, lively face was altogether too virile. Besides which, he wore a bracelet of thick gold links on his left wrist.

Having turned this over in her mind, Lois, slightly intrigued, stole another glance at him. He had abandoned his muse and was conferring with a waiter.

Being human, Lois would rather have liked to see the picture. But since obviously the man wasn't one of the ordinary professionals, she shrugged him off, finished her drink, and was preparing to leave, when a quick step and a " Pardon, Mademoiselle ! " checked her.

She looked up to meet the gay eyes and crisp bow of the portrait pirate, who, in English almost without accent, said, smiling, " I have a small necessary matter for your decision, Mademoiselle, or I would not so presume. This trifling sketch——"

From the sketch-book in his hand he drew a loose sheet, laid it on the table before her. It was herself who looked back at her—a study in coloured pencils, three-quarter face, delicate and alive, the pose characteristic, a breathing likeness.

" Why, it 's *good* ! " Lois exclaimed involuntarily.

" Thank you," he said, with a broad grin. " May I introduce myself ? Ex-Captain René Franchot, late attached on liaison to your Army in Germany, now demobilised.". He laid a hand on the back of the vacant chair. " You permit ? " He pulled out the chair, sat down, and taking a pin from his lapel, fastened a thousand-franc note to the corner of the sketch. " *Voilà !* " he announced with a flourish.

" What 's this ? " said Lois, bewildered.

" That is the sum," said the ex-captain impressively, " which has just been sent to me, as a suggested purchase price for this work, by some anonymous admirer, here in the café, of Mademoiselle's beauty or my art. I should suggest that the former is the more probable motive."

" Your modesty does you honour, Captain," said Lois, smiling, " but who 's the customer ? "

" The waiter professes himself unacquainted with monsieur's name," said René Franchot, looking at Lois with dancing eyes. " I gather only that the progress of my inspiration was observed by this monsieur, who is at a table across there, on the higher level. Evidently he took me for a professional, whereas I am only—I hope I may say—a talented *dilettante*. Whether our friend is a patron of art or a connoisseur of the feminine," added the gifted amateur with a bow, " I should not dream of selling a sketch, in such circumstances, without the approval of the enchanting model ! "

" I appreciate your scruples," said Lois, highly amused, " but I 'd still like to know who the customer is."

" Look, then," said the ex-captain, leaning slightly toward her, " over my left shoulder, and decide whether or not monsieur is to become the complacent owner of this *chef d'œuvre*. I understand that he is sitting at the corner table at the head of the steps, by the pillar."

Lois looked at the table by the pillar. " There 's no one there," she said.

" *Zut, alors !* " said the ex-captain.

He snapped his fingers imperiously at a waiter standing at the head of the steps. The waiter came down to them.

" This monsieur," said the ex-captain, " when did he depart ? "

" When you approached to speak to Mademoiselle," said the waiter.

" But he has left here this thousand-franc note ! "

" *Tant mieux !* " said the waiter.

The ex-captain looked at Lois. " Yet it is odd," he said, " is it not ? "

Lois was by nature an agreeable girl, but she was a far from gullible one. She said guardedly to the waiter, " What did he look like, this monsieur ? "

The waiter sought inspiration from the ceiling. " He was a large man—dressed in the mode of big business," he decided ; " a banker, perhaps, or gross industrialist. He was heavy, here "—he smoothed his jowls—" pear-shaped, you understand ? He was not French, I think. He was—not quite dusky, but, as it were, a little yellow. You know ? His eyes were small, dark. His hair "—he passed a hand over his own well-skinned crown—" it was bristly, very grey, deeply receded above the temples."

" You know him, Mademoiselle ? " René Franchot said eagerly.

She shook her head.

Franchot waved away the waiter, said confidentially, " Mademoiselle, I ask myself : what kind of a gold-brick is this ? We are thrown together, it seems, in a small mystery. We——"

" Look, Captain," said Lois, who now was quaking inside with laughter, " you 've given me an amusing few

minutes. You even, for a moment, had me seriously wondering—and I mean that as a compliment to a high inventive talent ! "

" Pardon me ? " said the bemused veteran.

" I should hate, Captain," said Lois, " to seem all dazzled with myself, but, you know, a girl can't spend long in Paris without getting to recognise the call of the wild even with the richest orchestral accompaniment. I 'd love to stay and see how you build up your little fantasia, but I 've just spotted a friend of mine coming in, and I shall have to

Lois felt as if at any second some hawk-eyed meddler would be bound to recognise her and, halting, throw out a vibrant forefinger

tear myself away." She rose as she spoke. " Thank you for an entertaining time."

She gave him her friendly smile, and went to meet Philip Graven, who was threading his way between the tables toward her.

One glance at the tall young Fourth Secretary, tailored with distinction and preposterously handsome, and Lois knew at once he was a sorely-vexed diplomat.

" Ah, Lois," he said with a dreadful urbanity, " I 've made our apologies at the party. I just looked in here again on the off-chance you might have seen fit to favour me with a fleeting appearance."

" I 'm sorry, Philip, really I am," Lois said, as he escorted her gracefully, if coldly, to the boulevard. " I——"

" Think nothing of it," said the Fourth Secretary, in a distant tone. And he added, with glacial courtesy, " May I inquire who is that individual who appeared to be hanging spellbound on your parting words ? "

" That ? " said Lois, laughing. " Just a wolf with an elaborate technique ! I 'll tell you all about it——"

" Ex-Captain René Etienne Paul Franchot, 29, late Chasseurs d'Afrique, and recently a liaison officer with Allied Armies in Germany, was attacked and seriously injured late last night whilst returning to his home, No. 8*bis* Rue de l'Université, Paris, VII.

" Captain Franchot, found by a gendarme, was unable to give any account of his assailant, but intimated that the object of the attack was a portrait sketch in his possession of a girl whose name he appeared not to know, though repeatedly insisting that she be warned. Captain Franchot's effects, with the exception of the missing sketch, were untouched.

" The injured man lost consciousness on being transferred to the ambulance, and at present lies in the Val-de-Grâce Hospital in a critical condition.

" Police request that any girl having reason to associate herself with the portrait in question forthwith contact Inspector Hector David, Sûreté Générale, through the nearest police station, in her own interest."

THE girl of the portrait laid the newspaper down slowly on the Fourth Secretary's desk. It was an impressive desk, of wide and mirror-like expanse, and the Fourth Secretary sat behind it, against a background of lofty windows, with the afternoon sun on his corn-coloured hair, a pearl in his cravat, a carnation in his buttonhole, and an unaccustomed look of worry on his personable features.

" Well ? " he said.

Lois bit her lip. " And I thought he rigged the whole thing just to pick up a lone girl ! It was unforgiveable of me ! Poor Captain Franchot ! " She rose abruptly.

" Where are you going ? "

" To the Val-de-Grâce, to apologise on my bended knees," said Lois—and meant it.

" You 'll sit right where you are," said Phil Graven sternly, " till the Security Officer gets here. This is a serious matter. I sent for him—and you—as soon as I read this. I only noticed it by chance." He looked at her with blue, troubled eyes. " In the best-regulated circles, Lois," he said, driving home an invaluable moral, " people keep their social engagements and so avoid undesirable adventures ! " He added, " Here 's Conlon, now."

The Security Officer, a keen-eyed, spare, impassive man in a tweed suit, listened without comment to Lois's account of the episode at the Café Montparnasse.

" How about it ? " Philip said anxiously, when she had finished. " Why should this fellow, whoever he is, want this picture of Lois badly enough to commit murder, or near-murder, to get it ? "

" Question is," said Conlon, " whether what was wanted was *this* picture or *a* picture ! " He began to pace the carpet. " Every Embassy, in every city in the world," he said, " is under constant observation by all kinds of clandestine agents. They know who comes, who goes, who works there and what they do. There are plenty of people who 'd go the limit to get at information a codist like Lois here has locked up in her head—and I 'm asking myself for just what purpose a good likeness of a particular Embassy codist might be highly useful to one of these parties. It *was* a good likeness of you, Lois—as good as a photograph, say ? "

" It seemed so to me," Lois admitted.

Conlon continued to pace the carpet, frowning.

" This Inspector David," he said abruptly. " I know him. I know how his mind works. What have you got here ? A good-looking man, an attractive, unknown girl, a third man—unknown, too—who 's a potential, if not yet an actual, killer. To David's French mind, that 'll add up to a love triangle. He 'll trace Franchot back to the Café Montparnasse. He 'll talk to that waiter. He 'll get the waiter's description, which Miss Forrest has just repeated to me, of the man who wanted to buy the picture. He 'll get a description of Miss Forrest herself. But he 'll be thinking of his ' unknown girl ' in terms of artists, models, passion and Montparnasse. To him, this 'll look like a jealousy crime. To me, it has a political smell."

" Lois," said the Fourth Secretary tentatively, " was speaking of going to the Val-de-Grâce——"

Conlon said sharply, " Forget it. If the Embassy can be kept out of this, it must be kept out. *I 'll* get the news from the Val-de-Grâce. You just carry on, Lois, as if nothing had happened—as if you 'd never reported your encounter with Franchot or seen this newspaper item. But when you go out, for safety I 'll have a man to tag along and——"

" I could myself," said the Fourth Secretary, tempering eagerness with an austere look at Lois, " well relieve you of any such escort responsibilities."

Conlon grinned. " So long as she doesn't go around alone," he said. And added, " Well, there it is. Maybe David's approach will prove right. Eccentrics who admire a girl from a distance, secretly watch her, maybe follow her around, are two-a-penny in every big city, (*Continued on page 51*)

The only person on the second-floor landing was a dejected man in a seedy blue suit, with a battered despatch-case, unhopefully yearning down the elevator-shaft as he pressed the button

Very Displaced Persons

Who For Various Illicit And Freely Criminal Reasons Of Their Own Are In Europe To-day Leading Lives Sunk From The Sight Of Police And Military Alike

By Ferdinand Tuohy

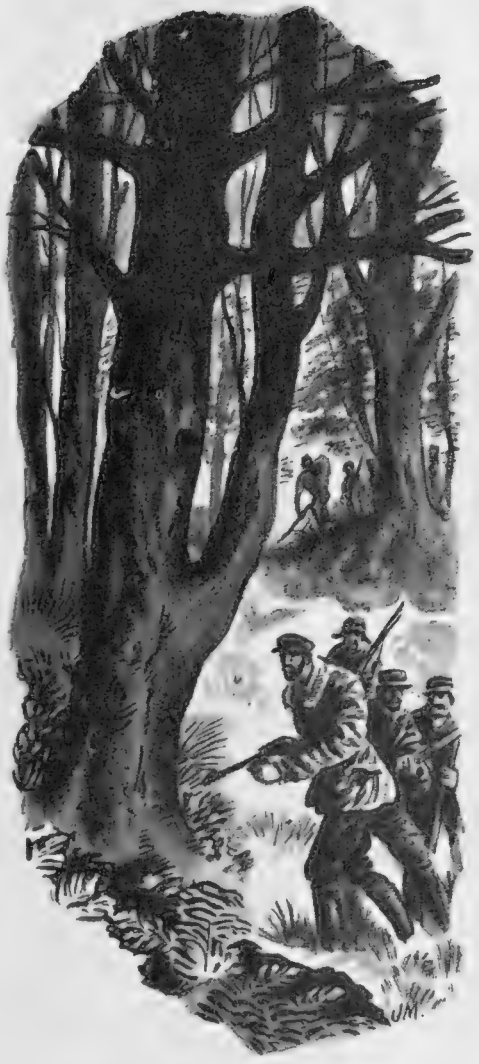
"GOING home or on leave?" I cracked the ice in the easy way of Rhine Army. We were standing behind the first wave that was breaking over the long bar at the Atlantic Hotel, Hamburg. My young neighbour had given signs of having something to say. He said it.

"No. I'm just here for a day, getting my identity back."

"Yes," he went on, grinning at my reaction, "it is rather an odd yarn. A Dutchman in the black market has been me ever since December, when my bag and papers were pinched in the train on the way back from Brussels leave. A dissatisfied German accomplice denounced the chap yesterday to our police. Here's a photograph of him. That's my uniform he's got on. Speaks English with a slight accent but made up for that by actually looking a bit like me.

"He had two million marks in a suitcase. In the job in a big way. And the blighter's been drawing petrol in my name from here to Switzerland. I tell you, it's an anxious business when someone's been you on this sort of Continent. Only hope my people don't one day get paternity petitions from Fräuleins! Fortunately, the fellow for some reason added another Christian name. Look—here it is. That 'John' should at least clear me in case he's married anyone!"

Now, we are all distressingly cognisant of Displaced Persons, legacy of Hitler's octopus-like gathering of millions of labour-slaves within what was fleetingly Greater Germany. When this article appears, there should still be some 700,000 D.P.s in the three Western Zones, including a "hard core" of nearly 400,000 who don't want to go home. What hasn't been advertised, is the existence far and wide of what may be termed Very Displaced Persons, people who not only refuse to submit to camp control like ordinary D.P.s—the majority wouldn't qualify, anyway—but who for various illicit and freely criminal reasons of their own are leading lives sunk from the sight of police and military alike. On the manifest facts this hang-over army, fruit of unexampled upset, must run into many scores of thousands.



From hide-outs in the forests and hills, they close in by night on isolated farms and properties

OUR Dutch masquerader embodied a relatively small but serious facet. Clearly, not many fakes or impostors are equipped to take the role of Allied officers. Yet the stealing of officers' papers—usually in connection with hectic occasions—is no infrequent matter. My room-mate in that same Atlantic last winter, a young Merchant Navy officer, was being sent home for losing his papers in a "joint" during his first fortnight in Germany.

At this stage it is certain that officer-impersonators are doing it overwhelmingly to get money quick and big. A rich variety of deals are on besides the plain black market, and an officer's uniform and a slick wit have the invaluable property of rendering a fake mobile. For Very Displaced Persons staking high, mobility is not only the shield of their way of life; it is essential for getting the more worthwhile of the ill-gotten gains.

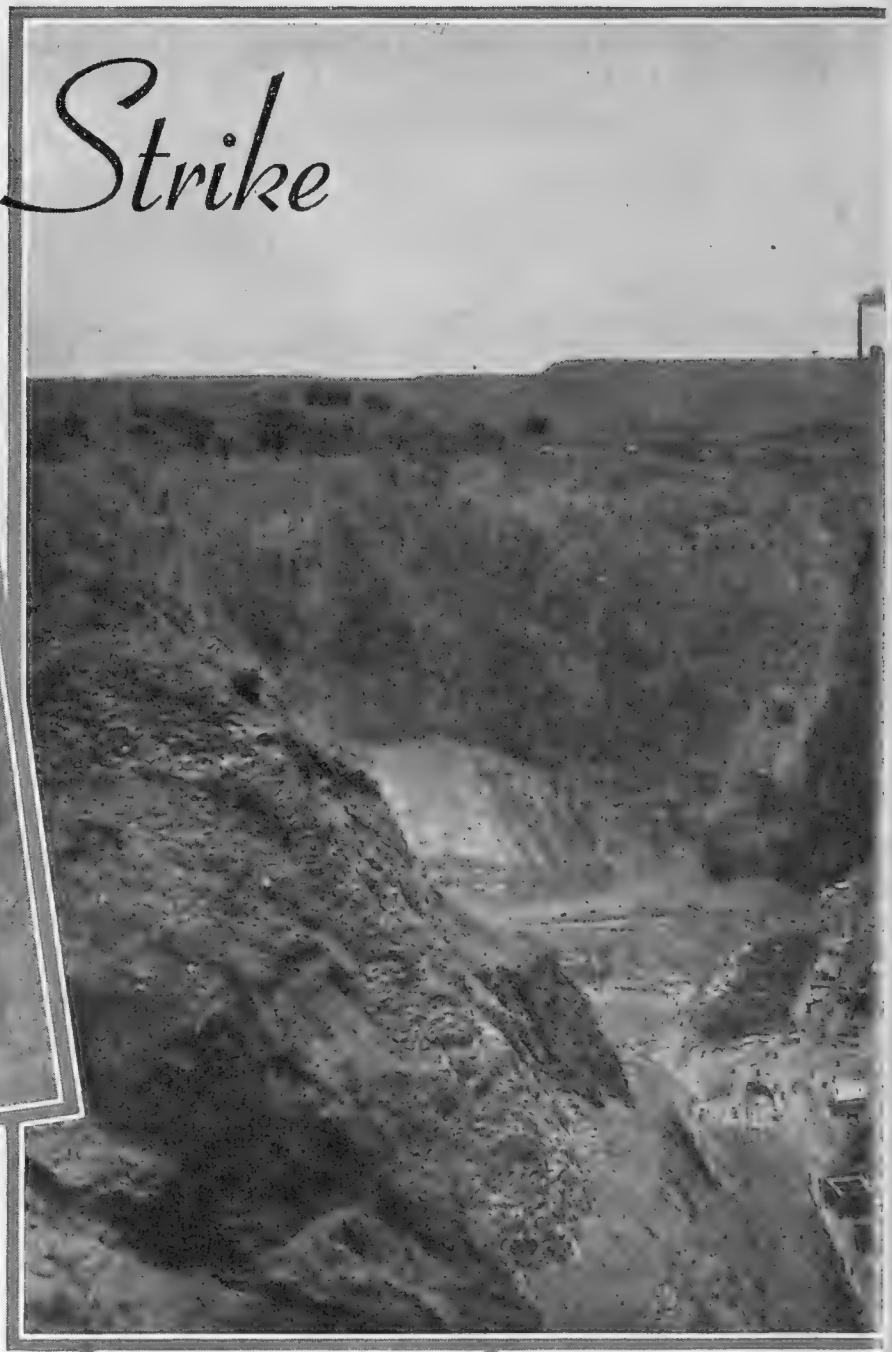
The main thing is to be able to circulate, as anyone who has travelled this current Continent will agree. For such as haven't passes or movement orders (the immense majority), it has to be a choice of queueing for rare, packed trains, truck-hopping and thumbing lifts, cycling, tramping, and moving in one-horse carts; and the bicycles are few and far between and the lifts seldom given.

Unrra and other relief officials also lend themselves to impersonation. With a dozen varieties of Allied officer and official wearing much the same sort of khaki uniform, and badges that often convey nothing, foreign accents are scarcely heeded, let alone suspected, and here is a danger that may grow when, later on, Germans enter the lists as secret agents in their own country. Up till now, the only ones I've heard of, who are definitely active, are fugitives in South Schleswig, just south of the Danish frontier. A high proportion Junker Nazis from Pomerania, they meet clandestinely, using churches. What a hostile atmosphere this already is, as I felt myself this May.

Let this story build itself round the several types of V.D.P.s, commencing with a direct (*Continued on page* 58)

In order to plunder, these V.D.P.s are ready to kill. They are ready to kill for food only

Lucky Strike



The first diamond mine discovered at Kimberley, South Africa, and the deepest hole ever dug by human hands. Only half of the depth is visible, the other half being filled with water. The mine is not being worked at present—although it is not exhausted—owing to the enormous depth and pressure of water. A quantity of famous diamonds have been taken from this mine. At top of picture can be seen part of the town of Kimberley

THE villagers of Odendaalsrust watched with mild interest the first 85-foot derrick rise, and the native gang under a white foreman sling up the first 10-foot hollow casing of a rock power drill.

How far could they bore with that thing? Nearly a couple of miles. The farmers grinned. Maybe there was gold down there, maybe not. Scraping a bare living from land worth £1 a morgen (600 square roods), they gladly sold for a fiver options on rights to minerals under their land, and were tickled to get as much again for a little building plot. The gentlemen from Jo'burg who drove in the twenty-three miles from the railway station at Hennenman, evidently had money to burn. They were doing the same thing in a score of other places around the northern territory of the Orange Free State; but it looked like scattering seed over a desert on the chance that one might hit a pin-point of soil, and sprout.

This was all back in the Old Time. Roosevelt was just moving into the White House, and Hitler into the Berlin Chancellery. Two years before, the gold standard had collapsed, the sterling price of gold had jumped from 85s. to 120s. an ounce; the Rand was booming, and the big mining and finance houses had bulging treasuries and were in the mood to listen to the geologists who, for a long time, had been telling them that the northern OFS was a good prospecting gamble.

A steam plant arrived. Now a dozen steel rods, the thickness of a garden hose, twirled their diamond tips against rock, driving deeper and deeper. Five years passed. Second World War exploded. Drilling went on. And then one day in April, 1946, the gang on a drill in a field south of the village made a routine haul up of the last sixty feet of their hollow drill casing, and sent the sample off for routine examination.

David Mackenzie, the man who drilled the borehole from which the richest ever South African gold assay was taken, operating his drill in Odendaalsrust

The geologists made their routine check. And there routine moods and procedures ended. Excitement hit the territory and piled up in tidal waves in the stock markets where the shares of the financing companies were traded. For the core showed gold, visible gold. The ore assayed 23,037 inch-dwt., which is fabulous, particularly when one considers that 800 dwts.—with 100 per cent payability—on the celebrated Blyvoor property in the Rand is considered phenomenal. The gentlemen from Jo'burg

Stories Of Men Who Have Struck It Rich In Diamonds, Gold, Oil And Pitchblende

By C. Patrick Thompson

The Premier Diamond Mine, near Pretoria, South Africa, and the largest man-made hole in the world. It covers about 78 acres and has a maximum depth of 600 feet. The largest known diamond, the Cullinan, weighing a pound and three-quarters, was found in this mine

returned to Odendaalsrust with a rush. The bit of land which had fetched a fiver when the drills began to bore, changed hands for £1,000. The owner of a small farm on the village edge was stunned by the offer of £17,000 for his subterranean mineral rights, and more for the top soil itself (the buyers saw Odendaalsrust village transformed into a great and prosperous gold-mining city, another Johannesburg, perhaps).

Before an ounce of gold has been brought up a mining shaft, that lucky strike has put tens of millions into the gamblers' pockets. Ghosts of old-time prospectors and adventurers drift about Odendaalsrust, sighing as they measure their picks against the diamond-headed rock drills, and their grub-stake finance against the elaborate high finance of the finance-house and stock-market era.

That gangling old-timer with a walrus moustache is Edward "Paw-struck-it-rich" McLean. After a lifetime of blistering his feet huntin' gold in them thar hills, Ed actually did stumble on a thick high-pay vein, got a rich gold mine all to himself, and enjoyed all the obvious self-indulgences of the newly and enormously rich, from sumptuous mansions to the society of the great—Leopold of Belgium courted him, but cooled when Ed failed to respond to the King's suggestion that he put a few millions into Leopold's new mining and plantation enterprises in the Congo.

That raw-boned giant, muffled against an Alaskan winter, is Klondyke Joe. He headed the rush to the Far Northern goldfield, struck it rich, lost his gold in an all-night poker game, went back to pan a new stake, but found his claim had petered out. The big money was taken out of the Klondyke by the men who supplied the gold rush thousands, or carried them across the continent and around to the Alaskan El Dorado. It was an alluvial deposit. Three years after the first nuggets were found, there wasn't enough left to earn a miner the price of a pint of red-eye and a night out with a dance-hall girl.

And that mournful fellow on the (*Continued on page* 68)

El Dorado Mine, Port Radium, on the shores of Great Bear Lake, near the Arctic Circle. This mine, discovered in 1930 by Gilbert LaBine, is Canada's only known deposits of pitchblende

An aerial view of the huge refuse dumps from the gold mines which surround the city of Johannesburg, which can be seen in the top left-hand corner of the picture. The Rand is the richest gold field in the world, but some aver that it may be rivalled by the new Orange Free State recently discovered gold field at Odendaalsrust

A black-and-white thatched cottage at Glatton, Huntingdonshire

Row of stone-built cottages at Aldbourne, Wiltshire

A typical West Sussex thatched cottage of stone and weather-board

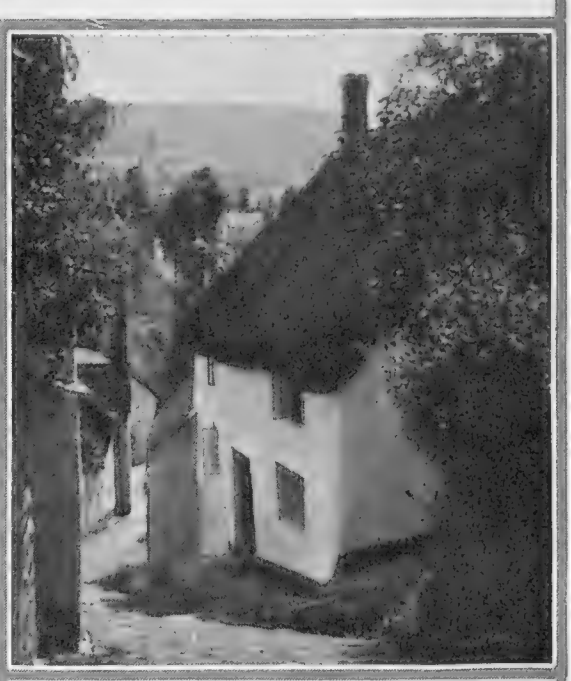
Thatch and half-timber. An old cottage at Carlton Husthwaite, Yorkshire

The Village Homes Of England

By W. H. Owens

WHEREVER you go about the countryside of England you come upon villages full of lovely old cottages built in many different styles and in a variety of local materials. The peach-coloured stone of the Cotswolds, the timber-work of Kent and Sussex, the cobb and thatch of Devon, and the flint and plaster of the Eastern counties, each has its own peculiar charm. Almost everywhere the walls and roof tops, mellowed through the centuries, blend so harmoniously with the surrounding landscapes, that it often seems as if they grew out of the soil itself like the ancient trees that give them shade.

These village homes are an important part of our rich heritage of domestic architecture and a proud legacy of the days when skilled craftsmanship flourished all over the land. When rural communities were quite isolated from one another, and transport, even if available, was difficult, village craftsmen had to build their own little homes with whatever materials could be (*Continued on page* 62)



Thatched cottage at Church Steps, Minehead, Somerset (above). Cotswold cottages at Bibury, Gloucestershire (left)

Circumstantial Evidence

In Legal, And Even Domestic, Problems is Not Always Conclusive

By Stanley Jackson

"LOOKED as if he'd seen a ghost," remarked the liftman. "And his pockets were bulging. 'Been robbin' the office safe?' I asked joking like"

WHEN Howard Fleming was found strangled in his office in Mincing Lane the police lost no time in making an arrest. Almost before the surgeon had completed his examination, two detectives were already driving out to Esher to question young Thompson, the shipping clerk, who had been so agitated when he left the building just after seven o'clock.

"It was late for him," remarked the liftman. "I noticed that he was trembling. Looked as if he'd seen a ghost. And 'is pockets were bulging. 'Been robbin' the office safe?' I asked, joking like. He didn't answer. When we got down to the ground floor his face looked like putty. 'Good-bye, Bill,' he said. I thought it a bit funny at the time. Saying 'good-bye' to the bloke that takes you up in the lift every morning."

"I should say he's been dead about two hours," grunted the police surgeon. "Death was due to strangulation. He wouldn't put up much of a fight. High blood pressure, and probably a weak heart."

The Inspector nodded slowly. He was on his knees in front of the safe. "Clear case of robbery." He pointed to the papers strewn all over the carpet and flipped open the lid of a small steel cash-box. It was empty. He picked it up carefully and had it packed for examination by the fingerprint people.

"I CAN'T believe he did it," murmured Jean, studying the newspaper photograph with a frown. "Why, he's little more than a schoolboy! You can't tell me that that blue-eyed babe would strangle a helpless old chap!"

Her husband craned his neck over her shoulder. "You never know, dear," he said lightly. "Looks an open-and-shut case to me. Of course, he denied it. They always do! Told the police some cock-and-bull yarn about having been falsely accused of cooking the books."

"You lawyers are all the same!" she laughed. "You've practically hanged the poor kid already. Never forget that truth's stranger than fiction."

He grinned as he ran his eye over the newspaper report. The accused reserved his defence and applied for legal aid. He'll need it, thought Peter Armitage sardonically. When picked up by the police, Thompson had made a long, rambling statement. Just as he was leaving the office at 6.30 p.m. Mr. Fleming had buzzed for him. He was accused point-blank of having faked the accounts. He denied it. Mr. Fleming waved a sheaf of invoices and threatened to have him prosecuted. Mr. Perry, the junior partner, suggested that he should confess. They were anxious to avoid publicity which would do the firm no good.

"Mr. Fleming was very angry. He ordered me out. I collected my things. Boot brushes, my cup and saucer, ashtray, and stuffed them in the pockets of my raincoat. The buzzer went again. Mr. Fleming looked very upset. 'I'll give you one more chance to make a clean breast of it,' he shouted. 'What have you done with the money? There's a deficiency of nearly three hundred pounds.'

"We argued for a long time. I denied the whole thing and demanded my month's salary. In the end, Mr. Perry calmed him down. He opened his safe, took out his cash-box, which was full of pound notes, and gave me my ten. 'I'm only doing this because we don't want a lot of unsavoury publicity,' he said. Then he told me to get out and consider myself lucky not to be in quod."

He's got plenty of imagination, anyway, thought Armitage as he lit a cigarette. His left sleeve was empty, the legacy of a German hand grenade flung in a street in Caen. His wife helped him on with his overcoat and kissed him affectionately on the mouth.

"Don't work too hard, dear," she said.

"No fear of that!" he laughed and promptly forgot all about the violent affair in Mincing Lane. He was mugging over some papers in his Chambers when his clerk came in with a brief in his hand.

"Just delivered, sir," he said crisply. "Director of Public Prosecutions. Marked at seventy-five guineas. Just like the old days, sir."

Armitage flashed him a quick smile and slipped the ribbon from the brief. "Rex v Thompson." The words, stark in red ink, exploded in his brain. My first murder trial, he thought

Illustrations by

Edward Osmond

IN the corner of his mind, although he would never have admitted it to himself, a tiny alarm bell had jangled viciously whenever Jean mentioned Denis's name in her letters

comfortably. "This is good news, Stace," he said gravely. The clerk nodded. He had been with Armitage since he'd first come into these Chambers, only too eager for guinea briefs or even "soup" from the Old Bailey dock. "One day he'll be on the Bench," Stace had prophesied to his cronies in the Temple.

ARMITAGE had the "legal" face; cold, steady eyes, tight mouth, a noise that was faintly aquiline without being arrogant. Yet he could laugh like a schoolboy, and juries always rose to his cool, easy charm. Yes, the briefs were coming in quite nicely when he suddenly threw it all away and exchanged his black Homburg for a black beret.

Well, he'd left his arm in a blazing tank in Normandy and come back to his Chambers to try to pick up the threads again. Only he was different. It wasn't merely the flecks of grey in his hair. He was older, less sure of himself, and inclined to be irritable.

Stace cleared his throat. "Very useful publicity, an Old Bailey murder brief," he murmured, staring out of the window on the ruins of Crown Office Row.

Armitage did not look up. His eyes were racing over the brief. He reached for a pencil and began scribbling notes in the margin while Stace picked up Law Reports and returned them to the shelves.

"I suppose they're giving us war veterans a little encouragement," he said, with a laugh. "I certainly didn't expect a Crown brief, though."

The old clerk gave him a reproving look. "It isn't that, sir," he said severely. "After all, there were many who stayed behind while you were fighting out there. . . ."

Armitage shrugged and went back to his papers. No use arguing with Stace, he reflected. He'd never liked Denis Sands. Damned unfair, of course. Rheumatic fever had left Denis with a slightly "dicky" heart. He'd been a tower of strength on the home front, splitting fees for the

briefs which would have found their way to Armitage.

"I don't know what we'd have done without Denis," Jean had written more than once. "He's keeping your practice alive. The other evening, when I was feeling blue and missing you like the devil, he rang me up and we went to a theatre. . . ."

Yes, Denis had been a good scout. When the house in Kensington was blitzed, he'd run all over the place finding Jean a flat. Nobody could have been kinder and more helpful when Armitage came back without his arm, morosely certain that he couldn't bridge that gap of six years.

"Nonsense, old boy! Sheer bilge!" he had boomed. Somehow, he had managed to coax Stace back out of retirement. Now one of the new "silks" himself—and still on the sunny side of forty—he had tactfully steered junior briefs towards Armitage's Chambers.

Yet, unreasonably perhaps, the old tang had gone out of their friendship. Armitage found himself withdrawing into a shell against the newly-blossomed K.C. It wasn't that he was in the least envious of Denis's new car or the pleasant country house he had bought in Surrey. In the corner of his mind, although he would never have admitted it to himself, a tiny alarm bell had jangled viciously whenever Jean mentioned Denis's name in her letters.

After all, they had been practically engaged at one time. If I hadn't butted in she'd be married to him now, thought Armitage, instead of being tied to a crock who's lost confidence in himself. He tamped down the tobacco in his pipe, lit it thoughtfully and then settled down to the brief.

The clock on the mantelpiece was striking nine before he realized that he had forgotten about dinner. He dialled the home number and Jean's voice drifted over the wire.

"Sorry, I'll be late, darling." He laughed. "I'll pick up a sandwich at the club. Don't wait up for me. Wonderful news." He replaced the receiver with a grin and slumped into an armchair. He puffed slowly on his pipe.

Of course, all the evidence in this case was circumstantial, but that was no handicap. He remembered an old tag and scribbled it down on his brief. "Witnesses can lie; circumstances cannot." Might come in handy in his final speech to the jury. In his mind's eye he already saw himself in court pointing an accusing finger at the wretched youth shrinking in the Old Bailey dock.

Phrases flicked through his mind. "This man whom you had been robbing for months. A cunning tissue of lies to cover a cold-blooded murder."

He began to anticipate the defence. Those bulging pockets which the liftman had noticed. . . . Thompson would swear that he was taking away his own property; the brushes, cup and saucer, ashtray and so on. But would any level-headed jury believe that old Fleming had given him ten pounds after he had fleeced the firm for three hundred? Armitage sniffed at the idea.

A sudden doubt twitched in his brain. It was the only possible way the accused could explain away possession of the notes when he was picked up. Armitage frowned. This murderer was no fool. He must have worked quickly to get rid of the rest of the money. And where was that sheaf of invoices?

Armitage leaned forward with his chin cupped in his hand. Those invoices. . . . Naturally, Thompson would destroy them. Once it was discovered that he had really faked the accounts, he was as good as hanged. Perfect motive for murder. . . . And yet it was difficult to believe that this boy, desperately anxious, "face white as putty," could have acted coolly enough to hide the money and destroy those invoices in so short a time. He had been arrested at nine-thirty, only a little more than two hours after he had murdered Howard Fleming.

He shook himself irritably. Already he was condemning the accused without weighing the evidence on the other side. Although he was prosecuting, it was his duty to be as cool and impartial as the man on the Bench.

He came down to breakfast with a throbbing head. Jean was smiling as she pointed to the newspapers beside his plate. "I sent out for them all when I read it first in the *Daily Record*," she said triumphantly. "Look at this one!" She flipped open a paper and he found himself staring at two photographs, his own and Denis's.

"Well, I'm dashed!" he muttered. So they'd briefed Denis for the defence. "He's on the losing side this time," he grinned.

"Don't count your chickens, dear," teased Jean. "I still don't think that boy did it. Anyway, win or lose, it's marvellous publicity."

TO the student of advocacy the trial provided a most interesting contrast in styles. Sands, K.C., hammered at the suggestion that his client had been "framed." Pointing at young Thompson, who seemed to be on the verge of collapse, he poured scorn on the suggestion that such a youth could have planned the murder, destroyed all the relevant evidence and concocted such an elaborate story.

He was relentless (*Continued on page* 61)

JEAN flipped open a paper and he found himself staring at two photographs, his own and Denis's

Bringing in the harvest. Land girls carrying sheaves of wheat on a farm high up on the Sussex Downs

Harvest Moon

By Wilma Buckley

HARVEST moon . . . romantic-sounding words that, during the war years, sent an involuntary shudder down the Londoner's spine; so evocative were they of bigger and better bombing attacks to come.

Before this sinister association of a rural term with deathly danger, the harvest moon called to mind a happy bucolic festival, a scene in the English landscape-painting tradition: Cornucopias spilling out the good fruits of the earth against a background of pitchforks and wooden rakes; a gay gathering of lads and lassies, bringing the last sheaves home in the moonlight; all summer's bounty and summer's beauty brought to being by a phrase that savoured of rural junketings and jollities in a sylvan setting. The plodding horse, the painted wain; leisurely gleaners in the Millais tradition; golden sheaves of corn stacked in the silvered light of the moon; tree-shaded meadows where lingered the echoes of happy harvesting voices . . . so does the picture run.

Harvesting with Robot Reaper. An 85 h.p.-machine from Canada at work on an Essex farm. This giant in one set of actions propels itself, cuts, threshes, elevates the corn into a truck and discharges the straw in a neat straight line ready for the straw baling machine to follow. It has a cut of sixteen feet and can harvest 100 quarters—200 sacks—a day

But the reality, the harvest-garnering of to-day, is of necessity a brisk and practical affair, very different from the idyllic pastorals of another age. Science has rushed in where humans fear to tread, and mechanization tends more and more to ease the problems of labour shortage and high wages. New appliances are gradually making their appearance in farm and field, cutting down the need for man power and saving time as well as labour.

The most spectacular of these are undoubtedly the Combine-harvesters, already to be seen in this country, although, as yet, few in number. At the time of writing, there are only two of these machines in the whole of Somerset, the writer's home county.

Costing nearly a thousand pounds, the Combine cuts, threshes, grades, bags the grain, and throws out, all in one operation—an astonishing performance. It is interesting to compare this method of harvesting with the usual procedure, which runs as follows: The crop is cut and (*Continued on page 64*)

A good crop, safely reaped and "stooked," and the fields are rapidly cleared of their red-brown sheaves

Old Tales Re-told

Cadijah — The First and Devoted Wife of Mahomet

Written and Illustrated by
F. Matania, R.I.

THE privilege of being the wife of a man of genius has, generally speaking, never been a light matter for any woman. Often it has been paid with a life of purgatory, if not of hell.

From Lombroso's great work "The Man of Genius," we learn that the peculiarities often connected with the mind of genius have a great affinity to insanity. There are, however, many cases in which the wives of great men, sacrificing any advantages they may have had from their illustrious positions, have not only overlooked their husbands' originalities but have become enthusiastic and invaluable collaborators of their husbands' achievements.

The first wife of Mahomet, Cadijah, who helped the great religious leader through the difficult and stormy road to the fulfilment of his gigantic task, is fully entitled to occupy a conspicuous place among this romantic category of women, especially when one considers in what a state of passive submission an Arab woman of the sixth century was forced to spend her life.

The fantastic imagination of the Arabs has enveloped the birth and childhood of Mahomet in a thick cloud of legends, supernatural events and prodigies. From all this it is only possible to mention a few material and plausible items concerning the youth of this exceptional personality.

Mahomet lost his parents when only six years old, and was entrusted to the care of his uncle, Abu Taleb, who held the important position of Guardian of the Caaba, the religious centre of Mecca. In addition, he was also an organiser of

Cadijah, with growing anxiety, would await Mahomet's return on the roof of her house, which commanded a wide view of the surrounding country

Brought up as she was in luxury, Cadijah bore with heroic fortitude the sacrifice of every comfort and shared with Mahomet the discomforts of his life in the cave. He was a helpless prey to fits of paroxysm, trances and strange convulsions of the body, and had become a ghostly shadow of his former self

caravans which travelled between Syria and Yemen.

From infancy Mahomet had shown an astonishing precocity, and later he developed an astounding inclination to learn, to probe and to understand everything he saw and heard. Abu Taleb used to take the boy with him on his travels across the desert, explaining to him all the different customs and religions of the various tribes they met.

He took him to fairs, markets and religious ceremonies, even to Christian convents, for in the year 580 there were many monks and hermits scattered about the vast territory of Arabia. In one of these convents, the infant prodigy was the hero of an episode very similar to that of Jesus when He was found in the Temple, discussing with the doctors, for, after a few days' stay, he left the learned missionaries dumbfounded at the extent of his knowledge and the depth of his remarks.

He was extremely handsome and well-developed—a thing not to be wondered at, for his mother had been very beautiful, and his father so irresistibly attractive to the fair sex that, according to Ishmaelite writers, when he married, more than two hundred virgins, who until the last moment had nursed the hope of winning the heart of the bronze-skinned Apollo, died of broken hearts. Another remarkable peculiarity was that Mahomet's mental development was achieved without the help of reading or writing; neither of these had been taught to him, nor did he make any effort himself to learn them.

SOME years passed and it was still difficult to establish what career he would embark on, for he was efficient in everything he undertook. Any trading he conducted, no matter how complicated and extensive, he successfully carried out.

Another uncle named Zobier took him as armour-bearer on a warlike expedition in which, although totally untrained for such an enterprise, and only sixteen years old, he discharged his task valiantly.

It then seemed as though he would follow in the footsteps of his uncle Abu Taleb, but all the while his mind was elaborating the new religious doctrines, with which one day he was to challenge all the other religions of the Eastern world.

He was looked upon by the opposite sex with great favour, yet at the age of twenty-five he was still unmarried. But Cupid was just around the corner, with his bow ready to shoot an arrow from the inexhaustible quiver.

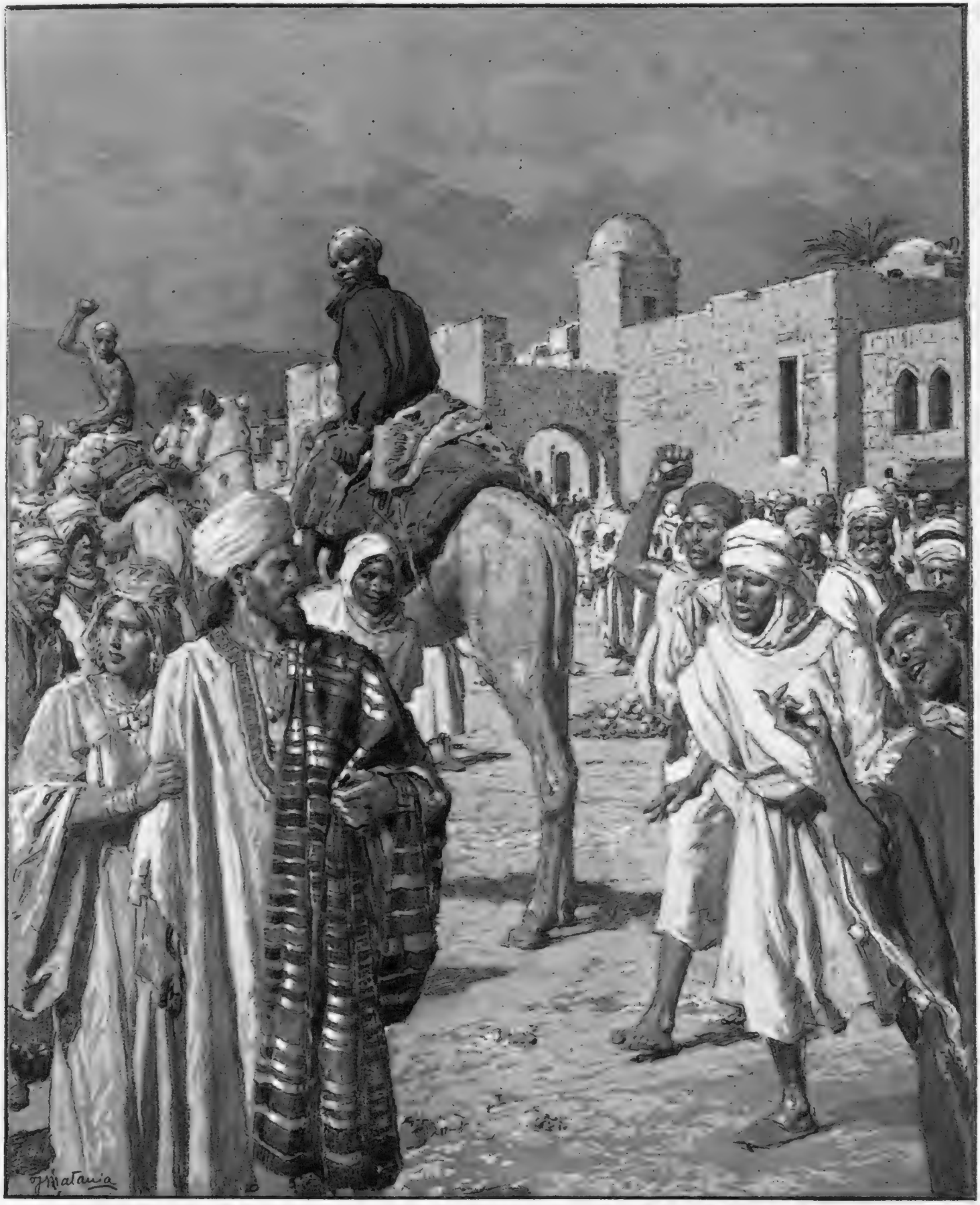
One day Mahomet received the visit of a young man named Chuzima, whom he had frequently met on his business excursions. Chuzima was very well acquainted with Mahomet's integrity, and came to tell him that a rich aunt of his who had recently lost her husband needed a capable man to administer her property and conduct her business, and that he considered Mahomet well qualified for the task. The proposed salary was a liberal one, and Mahomet agreed to an interview.

At the appointed time he was presented to a beautiful, stately woman, most richly attired. Cadijah was her name.

She was deeply impressed by the good looks and engaging manners of her new steward. They had exchanged only a few words when Cadijah, in arranging

for Mahomet to conduct a caravan into Syria, doubled the already-handsome salary. Mahomet carried out his task most successfully, and on his return Cadijah was so pleased that she immediately doubled his salary again.

There followed other expeditions, all with equal success and, as with the progress of time Mahomet revealed his vast knowledge and his inner soul to his employer, she became more and more fascinated. Whenever the end of an expedition was approaching, Cadijah, with growing anxiety, awaited Mahomet's return on the roof of her house, which commanded a wide view of the surrounding country. On one of these occasions she noticed that a formation of cloud had assumed the shape of two angels with spread wings which, strangely enough, threw their shadow across the approaching caravan, following it till the end of its journey. Convinced that this was a sign from heaven, she turned with uncontrolled passion to her maids, exclaiming, " Behold, the beloved of Allah, who sends two angels to watch over him ! "



Through the streets of Mecca he was pointed at as one insane, and whenever he tried to speak his voice was drowned by sneers and shouts, and often he had even rubbish thrown at him

There was not the slightest doubt that Cadijah had fallen in love with her handsome steward, and breaking all conventions, she entrusted to a faithful slave the task of arranging for her marriage.

At first Mahomet could not believe that this rich and handsome woman should wish to marry a man so poor as he, but when Cadijah personally confirmed that such was her desire, he accepted without further hesitation, although he knew she was some fifteen years his senior.

Cadijah's father was against the union, but his daughter overruled the old man's objection and, with a sumptuous feast, the marriage was celebrated without delay. The house was thrown open to all-comers and camel's flesh was distributed to the poor. Dances to the sound of drums and timbrels added to the general merry-making.

For a few years Mahomet seemed to be completely devoted to trading on a grand scale, and his acquired wealth afforded him considerable latitude. He was perfectly happy with his rapidly-growing family, four daughters and one son, and more than ever in love with his adoring Cadijah. But all the while the great religious reform, silently maturing in his uncommon brain, had reached the last stage of incubation.

The Eastern world was plunging more and more into the most absurd idolatry, and Mahomet thought the time ripe for a complete revolution in religious ideas, to be brought about by a new prophet, a new Saviour, who would re-establish the worship of Caaba to all its old glory, as in the time of Abraham. To achieve this he needed time for meditation and solitude.

In spite of the tears of his beloved children and the persuasions of Cadijah, he left the luxuries of his comfortable house, his friends, his servants, and went up to Mount Hara, hiding himself in a cave, where he fasted and prayed. There he heard voices telling him of the Divine Truth, and beheld apparitions and had revelations encouraging him to proceed with his task.

Fortunately, the cave was only two leagues from Mecca, and the perplexed Cadijah left no stone unturned to persuade her husband to accept her solicitude and her company. Brought up as she was in luxury, she bore with heroic fortitude the sacrifice of every comfort, and with him spent sleepless nights whilst Mahomet, helpless prey to fits of paroxysm, trances and strange convulsions of the body, had become a ghostly shadow of his former self. But love accomplishes all sorts of miracles, and (*Continued on page* 51)

Mahomet's adherents persuaded him finally to take refuge in the house of a friend on the hill of Safa, supposed to be the hill where Adam and Eve wandered after their expulsion from the Garden of Eden. There he found a little peace, and in his lonely wanderings his vivid imagination often conjured up a vision of the first sinners

A Broad-tailed humming-bird flying to the feeder

Photograph taken in 1/30,000th sec. by Walker Van Riper.

The World's Most Wonderful Bird

By Frank W. Lane

Costa humming-bird. Taken at Azusa, California

A HUMMING-BIRD is born from an egg the size of a pea laid in a nest no bigger than a plum. The nest is composed of mosses and soft, vegetable down felted together and thickly covered with lichens bound by reels of cobweb cable. The nest of a black-chinned humming-bird is a supreme example of bird architecture. It is semi-globular in shape and deeply hollowed. The rim curves inwards and thus acts as a safety device to prevent either eggs or young from falling out as the supporting twig or weed sways in the wind.

The hen bird works on the shaping of the nest like a master potter moulding clay. Twirling tremulously round the sides, she moulds and shapes the cup to her fancy. Sometimes her body bounces up and down as if she were kneading the floor of the nest with her toes. Then, sitting on the rim, she leans over and, with the same tremulous motion, smooths the outside of the nest with her bill.

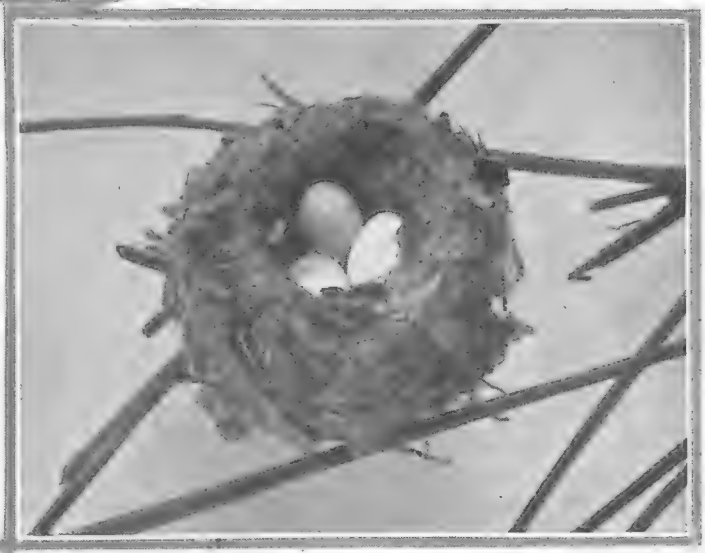
Humming-birds choose a wide variety of nesting sites. The more normal sites are in trees, vines and bushes. One bird built its nest on a climbing vine on a granite cliff-face within a few feet of the occupied nest of a golden eagle. Sometimes the dry roots projecting from upturned trees are used. Occasionally, a tiny feather-weight nest will be slung from the end of a tall fern. Other ferns, drooping over it, hide it almost entirely.

But, like certain other birds, fantastic nesting sites are sometimes chosen. One humming-bird nested 12,000 feet up on the side of a volcano. Other birds have made nests in such odd places as on a knot in a large rope hanging from the rafters of a hut; on the wires of an electric light globe suspended in the front porch of a city residence; and on a steel rod poked into the roof of a blacksmith's shop where men were busy at an anvil.

Nearly all humming-birds lay only two eggs and sometimes forty-eight hours lapse between the laying of the first and second.

With the laying of the second egg, the male usually departs, leaving a virtual widow with prospective twins on her hands.

Anything more unlike its glorious mother than a newly-born humming-bird would be difficult to imagine. When it emerges from its pearl-like egg, the future living jewel, with scintillating plumage that flashes and sparkles as it shoots from flower to flower, looks just like a sightless black caterpillar. It is naked except for two lines of smoky fuzz down its back. A squat, yellowish bulge is the only indication of the rapier-like beak that adorns the adult bird. For the first few days of its life, the young humming-bird lies stretched out on the bottom of the nest until its growing size forces it to raise its head against the sides.



The nest and eggs of a humming-bird. This is the actual size of eggs and nest

Forbidding though such a sight may be to human eyes, it acts like magic on the mother. She forages far and near for spiders, insects and nectar, and then, returning at frequent intervals to the nest, she squirts her twins full of the resulting pre-digested mixture.

The actual feeding process resembles a major surgical operation. Standing on the edge of the nest, with her tail braced against its side, the mother bird cranes her neck until her beak, as long as head and body combined, is poised above the wide-open mouth of her young. Then, with a violent thrust that looks as if she is stabbing it to the heart, she plunges her needle-bill to its hilt into her offspring's vitals. A weird (*Continued on page 64*)

[William L. Finley

A pair of young Rufous humming-birds almost ready to leave home

Romantically Minded, He Discovered What Was Lacking In His Life — In

Low Company

By Eric Allen

THERE in the great café with its tables and its buzzing sitters, the lights and the lush music and the smell of cosmetics and coffee. Sitting there, waiting for Sandra.

"Next time," Mildred had said. "You must tell her next time you see her. We can't go on like this. It isn't fair to her or to me."

And now "next time" was looming. Any minute now, for Sandra was already almost half an hour late.

There were crumbs on the plate before him, and two, three, cigarette stubbs in the saucer by his empty coffee cup. He was facing the swing doors through which Sandra would come. Watching them.

He had tried to put off this meeting, fumbled for an alibi, and excuse. But it was no good. Mildred had insisted and he had promised, and a promise to Mildred was a promise.

But how say it? I'm sorry, my dear, but I have met somebody else. There is another woman—a girl called Mildred. A very different woman from you. Oh yes, not in the least like you. Mildred is very blonde and very blue eyed. She seldom drinks and never swears, and even if she got into one of those furies, as you so frequently do, she would certainly never show it. She is well born and well bred—not in the least like you, Sandra.

Good Lord! How could he say anything like that to Sandra? She would tear his eyes out.

Mildred had never blamed him for getting mixed up with Sandra. All men, she said, had to make fools of themselves at least once in their lives in order to prove that they were men. But, on the other hand, she had made it perfectly clear to him that he must dispose of the Sandra episode before there could be anything between herself and himself.

Oh yes; quite so. But, unfortunately, Sandra episodes were always much easier to open than they were to close.

It was his taste for low company that was to blame.

"I can't understand this extraordinary taste for low company that you have," Mildred had said to him.

Not understand it? Why, it was not really so difficult to understand. Here is a young man who is cursed with just enough gilt-edged income to make any ordinary sort of job an absurdly unnecessary thing to own, but not enough talent or special ability to obtain a job that would have enough

Illustrations by
Steven Spurrier, A.R.A.

interest in itself to make it seem well worth while.

What does a young man in these unfortunate circumstances do? He is bored. He feels that this is a useless sort of life that he is leading. All his friends and acquaintances are so dull. Everything is so dreary. If he is at all romantically-minded, isn't it understandable that he should find in low company that which is lacking in his life?

Not so very reprehensible. Simply a young man's folly. Or not even folly, but merely something symptomatic of his restlessness. If he were really useless, a lounger, he would be content to lounge: he would not trouble to seek, to inquire.

All that he had needed, the one thing necessary to give his life point, was somebody like Mildred. There would be his incentive, the reason for digging himself seriously into life.

What a pity that he could not have met her before he had met Sandra.

He had told Mildred about Sandra—Mildred was a person who had to be told about things like that; but he had not told Sandra about Mildred. Not yet. And how tell her? Now, in the restaurant, waiting for Sandra, wondering what he would say to her.

And then he saw her.

She had come through the swing doors and was standing there, looking round her, looking towards the table at which he sat. Now she saw him. Now she was threading her way through the other tables towards him. In a minute she . . .

"Excuse me. Would you mind?"

SAM himself saved the evening. He came over to them. Would they mind sharing their table? Just one gentleman. He would be very much obliged

He looked up. The man had got up from one of the other tables and come over to him. He was standing there, smiling politely, with his unlighted cigarette between his fingers.

"Oh——. Why, certainly."

He picked up his matches from the table and handed them to the man. The man struck a match, lighted his cigarette, nodded, and handed the matches back.

"Many thanks."

He took the matches from the man and put them into his pocket. Then he turned his head once more towards the doors, and the aisle between the tables down which Sandra had been advancing.

He did not see her. Now that was odd. Had she seen an acquaintance at one of the tables and stopped to talk to them? He looked round. No. No, she was not in the restaurant. Ah! Perhaps she had gone up to the ladies' room to wash her hands. Probably she had thought that the man who had asked him for a light was a friend and had not wanted to crash in. She would be along in a minute or two.

Five minutes. He lighted a cigarette and smoked it down to its dregs. Still no Sandra. Queer. He had seen her? It was Sandra whom he had seen? But, of course . . . as if anyone else could be taken for Sandra. Sandra, her slim tallness, the high cheekbones and the eyes set slightly aslant in her face. The clothes she wore and the way she wore them. Oh yes; it had been Sandra right enough. She was a compelling person to look at—and a compelling personality too. A little frightening. Always, right from the beginning, he had been a little

frightened of her. Those rages into which she was always ready to fly, and the way she would look at you, with her right fist clenched as though she had a stiletto in it.

Not a girl to trifle with. No, indeed. Certainly not a girl to jilt.

There had been a time . . . one of Sandra's friends had been thrown over by a man. That look had come into Sandra's eyes as she had talked of it.

"If anyone did that to me he'd be sorry," she said. "I'd make him wish that he'd never heard of me, and I'd make *her* wish that she had never heard of him. I'd come back from the grave to haunt him."

That was how Sandra talked, dramatising herself, talking like someone in a cheap novelette. But she meant it just the same.

It was her vanity. She did not care for him . . . not for *him*. Never had. It had always been his money, and, more than his money, the fact that he belonged to a different sphere. Still, money or not, she would have thrown him over in an instant had it pleased her to do so. He had always known that. Thrown *him* over. But him throw *her* over—no; that was different. Her vanity would not permit that. *She* could never be the injured party.

He lighted a second cigarette. This really was queer. What could have happened to her? Oh! Why . . . Perhaps she had remembered suddenly something which she had intended to buy, and had slipped out to get it before the shops closed.

He finished his cigarette and then looked at his watch. Half an hour now since she had come through the swing doors; an hour since the time they had arranged.

And then he saw what had happened. She had not seen him. That fellow had stood between him and the door while he lighted his cigarette. Sandra had thought that he had grown tired of waiting and had gone.

But of course. Why hadn't he thought of that in the first place.

He got up and took his bill over to the cash desk and paid it. Then he went downstairs to the telephones. He called her flat but there was no reply. Naturally. She would not have gone back home. Where would she have gone then? Sally's perhaps. He called Sally's. No. He called two or three other places at which she might have been. No; nobody had seen her.

He was annoyed. Not that he wished to see her. In fact, while sitting at the table he had turned over all possible ways of avoiding her. But now. . . Well, it was merely putting it off. He would have to see her . . . have to tell her. He wanted to have it over and done with.

LATER on that evening he tried to get in touch with her again, but without success. In the morning the first thing that he did was to telephone her flat. There was no reply. She must have gone out. He went to all the places during the day—to the bars and the cafés. He did not run into her. Nobody had seen her since last afternoon. He went round to her flat. She was not in. He asked the hall porter. No; the man had not seen her.

It was queer. Very queer indeed. And it became queerer. He was not able to contact her anywhere the next day . . . nor the day after.

What had happened to her? She had been there, in the restaurant, walking towards him. He had turned his head . . . for how long? . . . thirty seconds? . . . no more. Then, when he had looked again, she was no longer there. She had dematerialized.

Of course, he told Mildred about it, and Mildred said that his duty was clear; if she did not turn up in, say, a week, he would have to go to the police.

The police? No . . . really . . . I mean, you can't do a thing like that. Put the police onto Sandra? Good Lord, no.

But Mildred insisted. Something might have happened to her.

"Not to Sandra," he said. "Things don't happen to girls like Sandra. She can look after herself."

But Mildred would not have it. He must go to the police. The situation was impossible. They must *know* what had become of her.

So he went to the police. The police listened. They took down details and told him that they would do what they could.

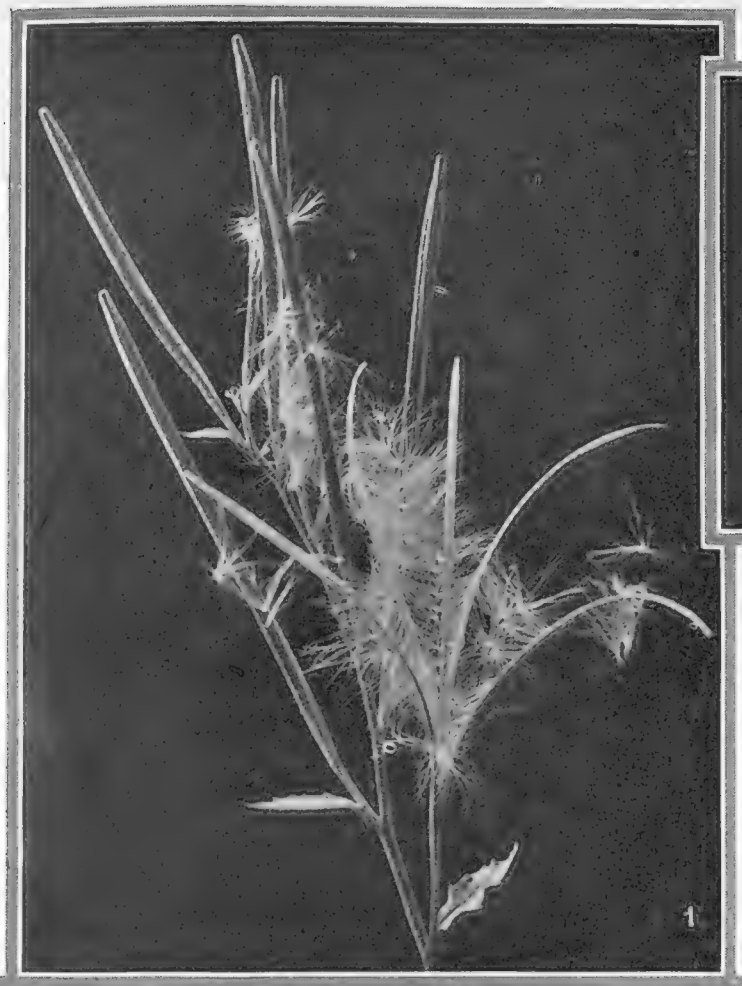
"Don't you worry," they said. "We'll find her."

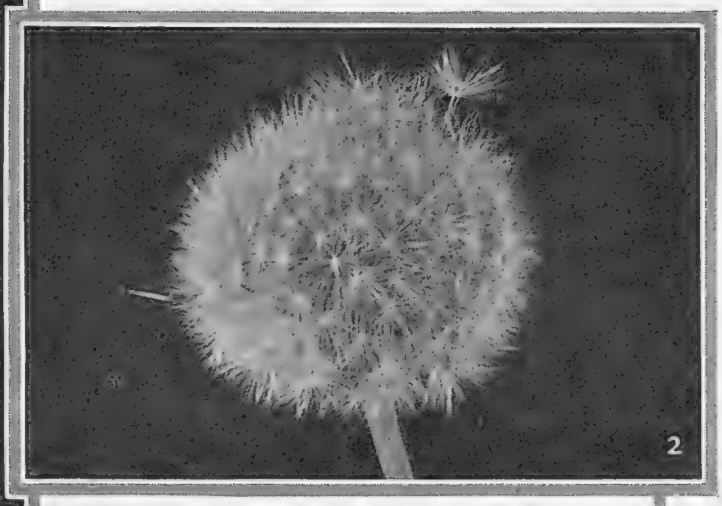
He did not tell them that this precisely was what worried him—that they *would* find her.

But as a matter of fact they did not. They have not yet found her. What happened to Sandra, where she went, is still one of the world's great unsolved mysteries.

But this did not help *him* . . . it did not help him with Mildred. For Mildred's part she was ready to admit that he had done all that he could do. Plainly it would be absurd for them to remain at arm's length from each other when there was nothing but the shadow of this Sandra between them. But he, he was afraid. Afraid for himself? Perhaps, but afraid for Mildred (*Continued on page 62*)

HE picked up his matches from the table and handed them to the man. The man struck a match, lighted his cigarette, nodded, and handed the matches back





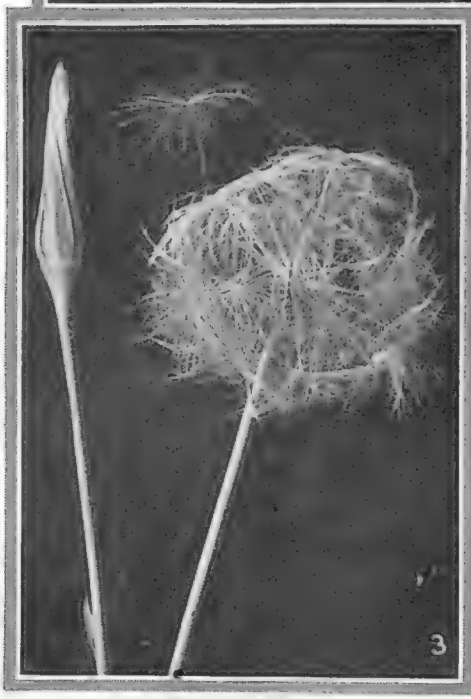
1. Hordes of tiny silken seed-parachutes "taking off" from the riven pods, or valves, of the willow herb. During the war millions of them, borne on the wind, colonized among the bombed areas of London, making a riot of purple bloom

2. The dandelion "clock" with one seed carrier just on the point of leaving

3. Seed-parachutes of the yellow goatsbeard massing for their aerial invasion of the countryside

4. Velvet-cased lime seeds almost ready for their aerial journeys which are rendered possible by the leaf-like sails

5. Rose hips. One of our war-time food resources. The seeds inside are dispersed by birds after they have eaten the fruit



Nature's Colonizers In Britain

SUMMER in Britain has few more familiar sights than the silent, teeming nurseries of the countryside. Yet the miracle of it all is a continual source of wonder and delight. Every day the air is charged with the silken seeds of dandelion, willow herb, thistle—Nature's confetti, sealing the mystic processes of bountiful Nature. While each changing eddy of air tosses these tiny parachutes here and there on their relentless mission, the ground beneath is being thickly carpeted with the mast of oak and beech; firs scatter their cones, sycamores their "keys."

Can you wonder that children are completely "at home" in these nurseries! Birds may effect most of the dispersal necessary for the seeds of hawthorn and others concealed within berries, but surely Nature intended children to have a hand in blowing away the hours on the dandelion "clock." The burdock, too, with its hook-like burs that cling so readily to your companion's clothing, and the winged-seeds of the sycamore that seem specially designed for unlocking the gate to some world of childish fancy; the ritual of each is as implicit in the summer scene as the "conker" fights that always ensure a well-strewn battleground!

Nature is an artful worker. She will employ almost any device to effect colonization, or dispersal. Consider the hairy-tufted groundsel seed; this is so light that the gradual rise in temperature due to a sudden burst of sunshine is sufficient to set up an eddy of air to release the seed from the parent plant. For such plants as the poppy and campanula, she provides a "pepper-pot" as seed-vessel; the wind tips out the contents. A long, (*Continued on page* 56)

The Homing

The Sailor Had A Method For Remembering The Times Of Trains

By Gilbert Hackforth-Jones

Illustrations by Jack Matthew

WHEN a party of naval officers goes ashore for an "old gentleman's evening," the difficulties which ordinary folk encounter in this era of universal shortage seem somehow to melt away.

These young seafarers, bearded like prophets and thirsting for the good things of life, have a way of sweeping through the places of their choice with a singleness of purpose that brooks no denial. They leave in their wake a cluster of admiring bartenders, envious civilians and empty glasses and they disappear to their own affairs with the same startling suddenness with which they arrived.

Martin Duckweed, Sub-Lieutenant R.N.V.R. aboard H.M.S. *Hatters Castle*, always enjoyed these "runs ashore." He was a lively lad who found things on board a bit too hedging for his volatile nature. Once ashore he abandoned restraint and entered wholeheartedly into the occupation of the hour.

People said that Martin could get away with anything, but that was not true. His commanding officer took a poor view of Martin's activities ashore and his lack of industry on board. He had not left the sub under any misapprehension on this point. Another occasion like the last one, when Martin had returned aboard the *Hatters Castle* at the same moment as that on which the new flotilla captain had chosen to pay his official call, would be dealt with with great severity, he had said. The most heinous of all crimes in His Majesty's Fleet was that of not returning from leave at the appointed hour. It was far worse than calling Captain "D" "old cock" though Captain "D" might not think so. The captain's threatening words had bitten deep down into Martin's sensitive soul, so much so that before he consented to join the party in which he was now participating he had gone through a sort of minemonic rigmarole as he dressed to go ashore. "Whatever happens," he had said to that face that twinkled at him from the mirror, "whatever happens, I must catch the 23.25." He'd found this mental process useful in the past. It had enabled him to wake up at any time in the night and it had been responsible for bringing him back on board when otherwise his inclinations might have led him astray.

This particular evening was by way of being one of the jollier sort, for it was a leave period in the flotilla. The shore-goers had landed at Greenock in time to catch a train whose

MARTIN said he'd no idea that three gallons of petrol made such a bonfire and the American said that he guessed the jeep was a write-off

Instinct

"Say pal," said the helpful American, "what's bitten you?"

arrival coincided with opening time in Glasgow, and they had gone to an establishment which understood the ways of the deep sea sailor. There were others of his kidney who seemed to have had the same idea —dozens of them, each with a pocketful of money, a loud voice and an insatiable thirst. Martin was in his element. Nevertheless, as the hours fled by he kept an occasional eye on the clock and repeated: "Whatever happens I must catch the 23.25."

IT was an American officer who caused Martin to lose touch with the rest of his party. He was a great big fellow with an abiding thirst, a large hip-pocket flask and apparently a passionate admiration for the United Nations Organization. It was, he said, the finest thing this little old world had yet produced; it was, he said, either UNO or UNO what. Martin applauded this profound sentiment as often as it was pronounced. There was only one thing to do, said the engaging American, they must drink the health of each of the Member States; they couldn't do less, it might take time but it would be worth the effort.

Martin looked at his watch, he had plenty of time, but not quite the inclination to do things as thoroughly as that; besides, the American seemed to have a considerable start on him. He, therefore, suggested that fifty-one healths was just a shade too many for his particular fancy. Let them make a list of the States and classify them. There were the Anglo-Saxon-speaking nations to start with. From them they could work through the list on a geographical basis (as they say in the Civil Service). The American liked the suggestion, repeated his UNO joke, told Martin he was a great guy and all was very well. They passed a very pleasant hour and were debating the proper group in which Costa Rica should be placed when the foreigner came in.

He was just an ordinary foreigner, we needn't specify the nationality, but his outward appearance offended the American's racial susceptibilities and he expressed an immediate desire to slap the foreigner's ears down over his shoulders. It was a pastime, he explained, which was popular over in the States. In spite of Martin's suggestion that such a policy was hardly in keeping with the ideals of UNO, the American carried out his intentions with characteristic efficiency. And, since the foreigner, was also not averse to that sort of thing, any qualms that Martin had felt quickly disappeared.

It was a grand show while it lasted and, like so many international affairs, it spread throughout the establishment until the comity of Nations was a mere figment.

It was not until Martin himself joined in against a gentleman from County Cork that the proprietor reluctantly dialled 999. Then, as the police car arrived, his conscience compelled him to pull the lighting switch and thus enabled his customers to disappear in the ensuing darkness.

As they slowed down after sprinting from the scene of the conflict, the American said that Martin was a great guy. He would, he said, stick by Martin come what might. It was like the unity-of-the-Anglo-Saxon-speaking nations Martin had been talking about; that was the thing. What about UNO? asked Martin. Oh, UNO was all right except for the goddam foreigners, said the American, and now they'd better see about something to eat and drink. They'd go to his friend Spike's who had an apartment near by. Kept sort of open house did Spike, he said, you could always depend on him for food, drink and a bit of company. At this stage Martin looked at his watch and repeated to himself, "Whatever happens I must catch the 23.25."

Half the world seemed to have gathered in Spike's apartment. Someone was playing a piano, someone else was singing something which had not been designed for that particular piano-accompaniment. Someone else had switched on the radio to drown the discordant notes of the singer. Spike was dispensing hospitality with both hands; an affectionate couple were jitterbugging (or said they were). Outside on the landing an indignation meeting of the other tenants of the block seemed, like the Security Council, to be in almost continuous session.

"Meet my pal Duckweed," said the American. "How-dy, Duckweed," said Spike, "pleased to know you." Another guest came up and demanded to be introduced to the Limey. Martin found himself eating hot-dogs and drinking something called an "old-fashioned" whilst he defended hotly Britain's necessity for a loan from the U.S.A. A pretty girl intervened and told the American to can it; she offered to teach Martin to jitterbug. The pretty girl's partner objected and a

good deal of crockery got broken. After that the helpful American patted Martin on the back and reminded him that they two were buddies until the end. After what seemed only a few minutes of dancing the radio suddenly stopped and restarted with the unmistakable notes of Big Ben. Martin, like a stricken Cinderella, disengaged himself from his fellow-jitterer and announced in a hollow voice that he'd missed the 23.25. Never mind, said the helpful American, they'd have one for the road and then he would liberate a jeep and would run Martin back to wherever he wanted to go. It would, he said, be quite all right, hows about it?

Martin feeling mightily relieved, said that it was O.K. by him and resumed his dancing instruction, to music supplied now by a Chinese broadcasting company. A deputation from the indignation meeting made a forcible entry but somehow remained to partake of Spike's hospitality. Further instalments of the Security Council followed bringing their live-stock with them. There were several dog fights. At half-past two some unreasonable people across the road rang for the police and five minutes later a police sergeant was added to the guests. Later he wiped his moustache, thanked all present for their hospitality and informed them that unless this unseemly affair did not terminate immediately it would be a matter for the provost in the morning. They cheered him and sang "Auld Lang Syne," and he said, well, just a wee Deoch and Doris, and then they must finish or he'd lose his stripes. Presently he was joined by an American officer clad in a dazzling white helmet, and they sat together in a corner discussing the waywardness of their respective nationals, and the superiority of Scotch over Bourbon.

The helpful American touched Martin on the arm. "Come on downstairs," he said, "that Snowdrop must have come in a jeep." They went out into the moonlight and sure enough there was a jeep with a bored sergeant yawning at the wheel. "Your lootenant said there was a drink upstairs for you," said the helpful American. The sergeant got out saying that it was about time too.

The helpful American and Martin got into the jeep and drove away.

Martin was delighted. On such a fine clear night and with the shadows of care dispelled, he had every cause to be. True, he'd not caught the 23.25, but what did that matter, he said, as long as he was on board the *Hatters Castle* by 8 a.m. It was, he explained at length to the helpful American, an extremely serious matter to be late returning on board. He would be eternally grateful to his friend for a magnificent evening, and a safe return to his ship. The American told him not to mention it. What less, he asked, could a man do for an Englishman? They drove on, speeding through the night, exchanging ecstatic compliments until presently the helpful American added to his last sentence: "By the way, pal, where are we going?" Martin was surprised. "You're driving old boy—Greenock of course." "Ah," said the helpful American, "Greenock of course." He drove on in silence. Presently he turned and said, "Where the heck's Greenock?"

"I thought you knew," said Martin. "Me know where Greenock is?" said the American. "Why should I, I come from Chicago. Now that is something like a burg." Just as Martin was suggesting that they should take the way off the jeep and take their bearings they ran out of petrol.

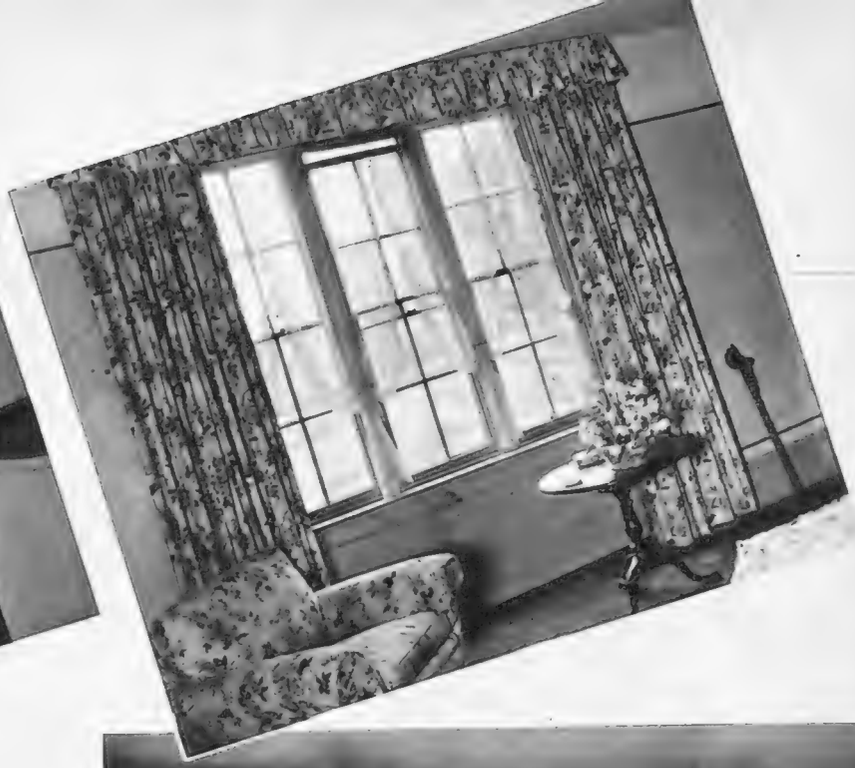
"What do we do now?" asked Martin. "Get some gas," said the American. They got out and started to walk. Presently they found a sign post and saw that they were not so far away from Greenock as they might well have been. "If the worst comes to the worst," said Martin, "I can foot it, it's only fifteen miles due north from here." "Foot it nothing," came the reply, "I'll get you some gas." They walked on.

As if by magic they came, after a good step, upon a park of U.S. Army vehicles where, in their serried ranks, were clustered all the cars in the world. They went through coils of barbed wire fencing without noticing the stuff, and began an anxious search in the tanks of the abandoned vehicles. Presently they were joined by a patrolling sentry who asked them if they'd lost anything.

"This guy's got to get back to the Mad Hatter's tea-party," said the helpful American. "We've run out of gas." "Well, why didn't you say so, Captain?" said the sentry. "Come along and help yourself." They took a jerrican and set off back to the jeep. On the way back Martin told the American that he would be eternally grateful for this help, and the American told Martin that it was just a pleasure. They exchanged cigarettes and went on walking. They found the jeep where they had left it.

It was unfortunate that they did not observe the elementary precautions required when dealing with petrol in bulk. Martin said he'd no idea that three gallons of petrol made such a bonfire, and the American said that he guessed the jeep was a write-off. As they walked back to the car park, Martin remarked that he supposed (*Continued on page* 61)

IT was a grand show while it lasted and, like so many international affairs, it spread throughout the establishment until the comity of nations was a mere figment



Outlook For Windows

ARCHITECTURE of the future, we are told, will improve the outlook for windows so that windows will hardly recognise themselves. New shapes, new sizes; double-glass windows which promote coolness in summer and warmth in winter; panes that roll away at a touch, are early starters in the race for better windows. In fact, if prophecies come true we shall probably be living behind a series of glass panes with a portion of house thrown in for good measure, and if you should question the desirability of so much publicity, windows have the answer to that, too.

So much the better, and may the New Age of Windows come soon. In the meanwhile we shall continue to struggle with our sashes which won't open and our ancient casements which defy cleaning and, in the intervals of struggle, we shall pause to register the hope that when the new windows, with all their formidable efficiency, are here, they will have remembered to make them as beautiful, as homely and as gracious as many of their predecessors.

Our pictures are of some very typical windows of the past and present. The sash, the casement, the romantic lattice and, as in the case of the top left picture, a modern window, new just before the war. Their beauty is self-evident if, in some examples, their efficiency leaves something to be desired.

MONEY-GO-

Dining-rooms tend to be austere in the face of present furnishing difficulties, but original colouring and well-balanced proportions can provide interest, as in the case of this dining-room which was shown at a recent Swedish exhibition

(Below.) The lack of conventional furniture can sometimes be overcome by adding simple, home-made, built-in fittings, of which this is a more elaborate example

The latest range of Utility furniture includes this attractive sideboard in polished or unpolished oak. The easy chair is also from the new Utility range, which includes a greater variety of designs than we have yet seen

EVEN in better times, there was no sure way of calculating in advance the exact cost of furnishing a home. Anyone with a fancy for statistics might have drawn up a table of requirements and costs. That was easy enough, but to keep within its limits and to abide by its provisions was beyond the power of the average home-maker.

The same applies to-day in, of course, a somewhat lesser degree and for different reasons. It is not now, as then, that the temptation to indulge in some unthought-of luxury throws careful financial calculations into sudden chaos. What happens to-day is that while the more spectacular furnishings are often obtainable at economic prices (thanks to control), the lesser items are discovered—sometimes too late—to have swollen the ultimate total to an alarming extent.

Obviously, the limitations of the bank balance put an effective brake, at some point or other, upon the flood of spending; but, and here 's the rub, unless the operation is most carefully planned in advance with these snags in view, the result is apt to be an unbalanced table of expenditure upon which too much has been spent upon items of too little importance. Needless to say, both the appearance and the comfort of the home are the main sufferers.

A useful and, in fact, indispensable method of approaching the problem of making the money go round is to draw up a careful plan under the headings of, say, Comfort, Usefulness and Decoration, allocating points, as it were, to each. All that remains when this is done is to keep a cool head, and to turn a blind eye to those fascinating extras which have not figured in the prepared scheme.

Beds, chairs, floor-coverings and domestic utensils must make the first claim upon expenditure. No æsthetic or practical success will come of a furnishing plan which does not accept this theory. Once you get the idea that these items will not submit to cheeseparing, you can go full speed ahead to comfort.

Decoration is the heading under which the inexperienced will be most likely to trip up. It is so easy to permit ideas of decoration not founded upon a basic plan to throw all one's calculations into confusion.

Actually, the best effects are often arrived at by simple means. Good colour-effects, well-balanced proportions and a general sense of harmony between furnishings planned for comfort and those which are strictly decorative will in themselves achieve distinguished results.

The fact that the only furnishings now readily obtainable are simple and mass-produced only adds weight to this theory.

It is a comforting thought that the new Utility furniture

ROUND

(Top left.) The neat and clean-cut lines of the modern furniture designs lend themselves well to small rooms when, as in this case, its proportions are carefully calculated in relation to available space

(Above.) A very small, unpolished oak writing-desk and a set of painted home-made book shelves at exactly the right height furnish a distinguished corner

(Left.) Dressing-table and stool, to be had in oak or mahogany, sketched from the new Utility range now coming into general distribution

which is now in production, and which will begin to appear on the market in satisfactory supplies within a very short time, is far more varied in design than the ranges with which we are now so familiar.

A panel of designers selected from among the best of our craftsmen are responsible for these new designs. One can say, without prejudice, that the bedroom and sitting-room furniture which will soon be coming into the shops is worthy of a place in any home and need carry no stigma from its association with the word Utility.

Mahogany, oak and some walnut, polished or unpolished, as one prefers, have been included. Upholstered furniture is more luxurious not only in the matter of springs and stuffing, but in covering materials as well—though these are still in short supply, and are holding back the more liberal production of stuffed furniture for the time being.

THE OLD IRON BEDSTEAD

If the term " metal bedstead " brings up a vision of some Victorian monstrosity in your mind's eye, the chances are that you have not yet seen the latest version of this familiar old friend.

Coloured metal is a force to be reckoned with in the future of furnishing, and we are only at the beginning of its development.

Even so, bedsteads of coloured metal are quite glamorous and lend themselves very readily indeed—just as painted furniture does—to incorporation in colourful furnishing schemes.

Aluminium divans, both single and double sizes, are included in the new ranges of Utility furniture. Some of these are painted cream, others saxe blue, and there are also green and chocolate shades.

For the moment, while production is small, the majority of these are going to the North, but we may hope to see a more general distribution before long.

Two And A Half Ounces

MAKES A SUN-TOP

MATERIALS

2 ozs. of 3-ply Emu in main colour; ½ oz. of 3-ply Emu in contrast colour; one pair of No. 12 needles.

MEASUREMENTS

To fit a 32 to 34-in. bust.

TENSION

9 sts. to 1 in.

Begin at the centre front with main-colour wool and No. 12 needles. Work in moss stitch as follows:

1st row.—* K. 1, p. 1. Repeat from * to end.

2nd and every following row.—Knit the knit and purl the purl of the preceding row.

Cast on 3 sts. Continue in moss stitch, inc. 1 stitch each end of every row until 31 sts. on needle. Then inc. 1 stitch each end of every row until 63 sts. Cast on 5 sts. at the beg. of every row until 119 sts.

Cast on 50 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows (219 sts.). Work for 8 rows without shaping.

Cast off 10 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows.

Cast off 5 sts. at the beg. of the next 12 rows.

Cast off 3 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 rows.

Cast off 2 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 rows.

Now dec. 1 stitch each end of every row until 107 sts. remain.

Next row.—K. 2 tog., pattern 51 sts., cast off 2 sts., pattern 52 sts.

Continue on the last 52 sts. (placing the first set of 52 sts. on a spare needle), dec. 1 stitch at (*Continued on page* 56)

RIBBED YOKED SWEATER

MATERIALS

6 ozs. of 3-ply Sirdar; one pair each of No. 12 and No. 9 knitting needles; 3 buttons.

MEASUREMENTS

From the top of shoulder to lower edge, 17 ins.; across the back and front underarms, 17 ins.; sleeve length from top of shoulder to lower edge, 10 ins.

TENSION

8 sts. to 1 in.

MAIN PATTERN

1st row.—S. 1, * p. 11, k. 1; repeat from * to end.

2nd row.—S. 1, * k. 11, p. 1; repeat from * to end.

Repeat 1st and 2nd row once.

5th row.—S. 1, * p. 5, k. 4 times into the next stitch, p. 5, k. 1; repeat from * to end.

6th row.—S. 1, * k. 5, p. 4, k. 5, p. 1; repeat from * to end.

7th row.—S. 1, * p. 5, k. 4, p. 5, k. 1; repeat from * to end.

8th row.—As 6th row.

9th row.—S. 1, * p. 5, cable 4 sts. (place 2 sts. on a spare needle, behind the work k. 2, k. 2 from spare needle), p. 5, k. 1; repeat from * to end.

10th row.—As 6th row.

11th row.—As 7th row.

12th row.—As 6th row.

13th row.—As 7th row.

14th row.—S. 1, * k. 5, k. 4 tog., k. 5, p. 1; repeat from * to end.

15th row.—As 1st row.

16th row.—As 2nd row.

Repeat 15th and 16th rows: once.

These 18 rows form pattern.

THE FRONT

With No. 12 needles cast on 96 sts. Rib in k. 1, p. 1 for 3 ins. Change to No. 9 needles (cast on 1 stitch, 97 sts.). Work 1 in.

Work in main pattern, inc. 1 stitch each end of the next and every 4th row following until 119 sts. Continue without further (*Continued on page* 56)

AUTUMN SUITS . . .

FREED FROM AUSTERITY RESTRICTIONS THE NEW TAILOR-MADES BREAK OUT INTO STILL LONGER JACKETS, BACK AND FRONT PLEATING AND EVEN FUR

(Right.) Lavender-blue cardigan suit to team with blouses with a variety of collar lines. Horizontal folds above the breastline, amusing pockets and back and front pleats notify the end of austerity. *Harella.*

(Extreme right.) Smooth black wool suit with close-clinging waistline and pleated peplum banded in black braid. The skirt has non-austerity back and front pleats. *Seigal.*

(Left.) A peridot gold fine woollen suit teamed with nutria. This model was designed for export, but other fur-trimmed models for home consumption are promised soon. *Seigal.*

(Right.) This fine black cloth suit with its long jacket and velvet-trimmed collar and pockets has a Regency line. *Model by Crayson.*

DON'T

1. A hand-made rug with a striped centre in colours, matching those of the couch, gives vitality to a simple scheme.

2. This elegant effect of marble paving has been achieved by laying cream marbled linoleum in carefully matched squares.

3. Natural background colouring with a simple but vivid pattern makes an effective contrast between this hand-made rug and the polished wood boards.

TIME was when the prospect of bare boards in the home would have implied a really embarrassing state of penury. To-day, most of us facing the problem of new homes have to take bare boards in our stride and like it, though here and there it is possible to put up a show with substitutes for the elusive carpet and the long-lost linoleum.

To take a slightly longer view the prospect for carpets is improving. Production has been resumed this year after a lapse of four years. It will be some while before there are plenty of carpets to go round, but already output has reached 20 per cent. of the pre-war figure, and, moreover, carpets coming along are strictly price-controlled.

A similar encouraging spurt has brought linoleum just a little nearer the average buyer, and the product coming out of the factories to-day is the real stuff, not the substitute we have been bearing with so long.

In the meantime, what to do with floors, if you don't happen to be at the head of the queue for the new carpets and linoleums beginning to trickle in.

For the room that *must* have a carpet felt should not be overlooked as a proposition. It

BE FLOORED

SOME TIPS DESIGNED TO HELP THE HARASSED HOMEMAKER IN SEARCH OF SUITABLE FLOORCOVERINGS

4. For those lucky enough to possess good carpets, long life demands that the carpet should be frequently turned about to distribute wear and protect it from fading due to over-bright sunshine.

5. For the country cottage passage this crazy paving reproduced in cement is a practical and attractive substitute for a worn brick floor.

6. The attractiveness of waxed boards is well illustrated in this cheerful room, where even rugs have been dispensed with.

7. Another example of the home-made rug, this time made from heavy twine, mingling several colours to match the general scheme.

BY WINIFRED LEWIS

isn't exactly cheap, though some varieties cost a good deal less than others and it pays to shop around for the least expensive. Felt comes in some delightful colours. It is soft and cosy and, if it is durability you are worried about, quite worth while for rooms not subject to rough wear.

Hand-made rugs are capable of promoting rooms with stained or scrubbed boards to real distinction if the colour, the design and the particular treatment are original and gay. Knitted rugs are delightful, so are the latest rag rugs when the colours are cleverly blended. Even string is used successfully for kitchen mats, and for a staircase small knitted or hooked slip mats for each stair are attractive.

The success of a stained floor arises from the thoroughness used in preparing the floor for the staining and in the quality of the materials used. Brunswick black and turpentine mixed in equal proportions makes a good, cheap stain with a high gloss. Sometimes a worn linoleum can be successfully painted over. This applies only to the inlaid kind of which the pattern has grown faded and dull. A printed linoleum on which the pattern has worn off and the surface broken is quite unsuitable.

Off Duty Beauty

The "Queen Mary" had docked and the Customs sheds were piled high with luggage. "Have you anything to declare?" asked the young Customs official.

"I 'm afraid I have an awful lot," I informed him anxiously. "For instance, I 've brought back six pairs of pyjamas, any number of shirts, about a dozen socks and handkerchiefs for my husband, the twenty-five-pound allowance of foodstuffs, an unopened bottle of drink, two parcels for friends, cosmetics and shoes——"

"Shoes?" he interrupted. "What sort of shoes?"

"Dancing slippers," I said, "and they 're the prettiest ones imaginable."

He gave me a tired smile, but he was soon at work with his pink chalk, and I was through the Customs in double-quick time.

JANE GORDON

1

2

3

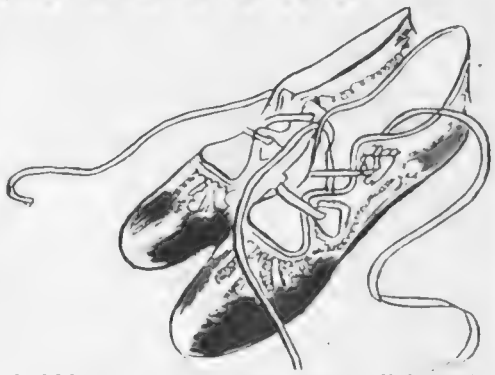
4

YOU can safely say that the beauty services in America are the best in the world. The beauty service that American women are getting to-day, Englishwomen will be getting perhaps not to-morrow, but one day in the near future. So it is interesting to know what we may expect.

Helena Rubenstein's Wonder School is very popular in New York, and goodness knows, it would be popular in London. You join a class and take a five-day course for two hours a day. In New York the hours are 10 to 12 a.m. or 2 to 4 p.m., or 8 to 10 in the evening, and the number of women in each class is usually twenty or thereabouts. The schedule is carefully worked out. All you need when you join the class is a play-suit, and if you do not possess a play-suit you can hire one.

The class is conducted by a very competent assistant, and all the women are lined up in a large gymnasium, most charmingly decorated in shades of blue, with exercise mats on the floor. Before joining the class each woman is interviewed by a doctor, who gives her a thorough overhaul, checks up on blood pressure, any operations that she may have had, and also the question of pregnancy.

Having been passed fit by the doctor, the class is lined up against the gymnasium wall and the instructor gives them a little pep talk on the subject of deportment. Then come the exercises, most of which are done with the feet a few inches away from the wall and the spine pressed back against the wall. After a good work-out this way, the class is marched round the room. Imagination plays an important part in achieving good results, and so the women are told to imagine that they are carrying



bubbles on the chest; large, light, airy bubbles that can only stay in place if the head is held up and the bust held high. This thought has to be kept in mind while working the Hoover or pushing the pram, and in order to get the idea well fixed in the mind, chairs, instead of Hoovers, are pushed round the gymnasium.

After the march round, there are a series of exercises done on the exercise mats, and then the class is taught to sit properly, on high-backed chairs. In New York the ideal is to sit like a Virginian lady, but in London you would be taught to sit like a Victorian lady.

A friend of mine who took this course told me that after her first day she knew that every muscle in her body had had a thorough work-out.

Before leaving the class, each woman was given a strict five-day diet, which includes breakfast, luncheon and dinner. The breakfast is merely coffee, fruit-juice and a slice of wholemeal toast. The luncheon is salad and possibly baked apple, and each dinner includes a lightly-grilled meat. A glass of butter milk is also recommended each evening.

(Continued on page 54)

1. The hair has been pulled through rings and clips, which illustrates a new use for old jewellery
2. The new hair-do that the smartest women are now wearing in New York, without a sign of a wave and the hair piled high on top
3. Women wear real or imitation flowers around the cottage-loaf hair-do
4. Shows you the love-letter sachets
(These photographs are all from Elizabeth Arden's New York Salon)

McKERROW

A portrait, by Cecil Beaton, of Miss Gertrude Lawrence, whose autobiography is reviewed on this page

Books: *Reviewed by Trevor Allen*

REMEMBERING the glamorous, irresistible Amanda of Noel Coward's *Private Lives*, we find it difficult to believe that she was once little Gertrude Lawrence, cockney Clapham kid, who left school at ten to make her own living, roughed it on the road in good shows and bad, and once, when the ghost failed to walk on Friday night, turned barmaid to pay her landlady. Evidently, her fate was sealed from the moment she put a penny in a fortune-telling machine at Brighton and drew out a misquotation: "A star danced . . . and under it you were born." (W.S. wrote: " . . . . and under that was I born.") She tells her story simply, unaffectedly, in "A Star Danced" (W. H. Allen, 10s. 6d.), and not without humour—especially when the inimitable "Bee" Lillie is sharing honours and remarking, on the luxurious spread in their New York hotel: "Take no notice, darling. It's all done with mirrors." Mr. Cochran, in a Foreword, calls Miss Lawrence "the producer's ideal leading lady . . . the most glittering star of the English-speaking stage." Most indiscreet. How can he ever face the other 4,999?

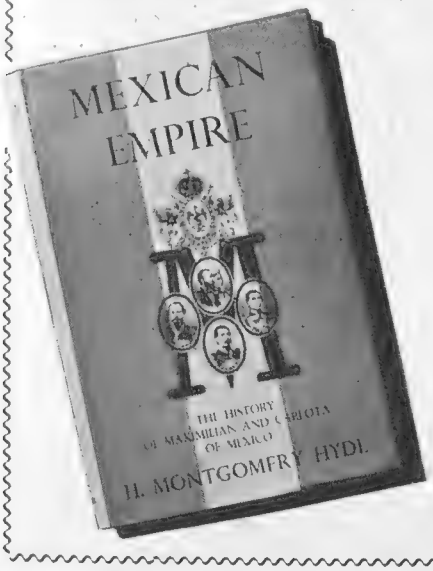
A VERY different lady is the First of South Africa, wife of its illustrious Prime Minister. Petite, practical, she has mothered six children, lived down the Boer War bitterness, done much for racial peace, been staunch helpmeet to her husband, yet never accompanied him on his European missions. No . . . her roots are deep in earth; she prefers her farm at Irene in the Transvaal. "You feel," writes Mr. Tom Macdonald in "Ouma Smuts" (Hurst & Blackett, 12s. 6d.) "that she never wanted to hurry, that she still belongs to the covered wagons of the Voortrekkers, to the old rumbling ox-wagon and to this veld of South Africa." It is a well-wrought biography, worthy of a place beside Col. Deneys Reitz's superb "Outspan."

FIVE centuries of Cossack history could hardly fail to be dramatically interesting. Recounting them in "The Cossacks" (Collins, 10s. 6d.) Mr. Maurice Hindus writes: "Lover of strong drink and rich food, of tender song and violent dance, of gay laughter and rowdy speech, of unruly living and reckless dying, he has ever been the playboy and the *bête noir*, the defamer and the defender of Russian civilization and its most undaunted warrior." Knowing both the Don and Kuban country, he is able to give an impressive account of the manner in which this turbulent people has been fitted into the Soviet system, by remarkable adaptation. But it is the first-hand stories of typical Cossacks that make this book as exciting at times as a novel.

WHETHER or not Henry Ford is "the last of the rugged individualists," his career from humble rural beginnings ranks with any in the annals of self-made men. For a man of machines he has a dry philosophic humour. "History is bunk" was one of his classic dicta. A cross-examiner in a lawsuit, who hoped to plumb his ignorance of what he condemned, asked pointedly: "Mr. Ford, what was the United States originally?" "Land, I guess," Ford countered. He had to cope with feuds and setbacks as well as assembly-line triumphs. The (*Continued on page* 66)

Maximilian In Mexico

UNEASY lies the head that wears a crown—and most of all when it ornaments a Hapsburg in a turbulent country like Mexico. Maximilian, younger brother of the Austrian Emperor Franz Joseph, was impelled there partly by the political ambitions of Napoleon III, partly by the more personal ones of his wife Carlota. His vacillating, liberalizing policy not only led to internal difficulties, but to a revolutionary firing squad. Carlota fled back to Europe to beg Napoleon for help, then to live and die, an insane recluse, in a Belgian chateau.



Miss Bertita Harding dramatized the tragedy in *Phantom Crown*. Now Lieutenant-Colonel H. Montgomery Hyde retells it historically, with new material from archives in Vienna, Washington, and Mexico City, in "**Mexican Empire**" (Macmillan, 18s.). It is a story filmic in its drama and dynastic scandals, which more than hinted that Maximilian was actually the son of Napoleon II and left in turn an illegitimate son who became a general and was shot as a German spy by the French in the 1914 war. Readers of this absorbing chronicle will conclude that anything was possible with a Hapsburg crazy enough to covet a Mexican throne.

FACE . . .

troubles and skin which seem to outflush the tomato may be due to unaccustomed sunshine. First steps are to remove inflammation. Elizabeth Arden's 8-Hour Cream will do this overnight; it cools the overheated skin without toughening or coarsening it. If 8-Hour cream is not available calamine lotion is soothing, though slightly drying.

The following day, if exposure is to continue, cover the face with a dark suntan make-up. The darker the better for protection.

The following night (unless a further application of 8-Hour cream is necessary) saturate the skin with a pure skinfood or any cream with a lanoline base. This counteracts the drying effect of the sun and the calamine lotion.

In later middle life skins are apt to emulate the beetroot at this season. You may blame your age, correctly, though it could be the liver which is at fault. If you suspect the latter give the health diet on the opposite page a trial. Take a mild aperient for a few days. Forgo tea, coffee and all alcoholic liquids for a while.

HANDS . . .

that get hot and clammy can be a source of great discomfort in summer. For a good many people, high temperatures are the signal for hot and puffy hands. A palliative which gives immediate results, is to hold the hands above the head so that the circulation runs backwards and relieves congestion. When at home it is easy enough to stand for a minute or so with the hands upraised, outdoors it is a little more difficult. All the same, if you are sitting at a table rest the elbows on the table-top and clasp the hands under the chin. This is not a pose to be encouraged as a habit, but it is excusable as an emergency measure.

Hands which easily break out into a sweat are sometimes attributable to nervous causes. The sweat glands in the palms, as well as in the soles of the feet, depend entirely on the sympathetic nervous system. This is why hot hands are so frequently an adolescent complaint.

Rinsing with toilet vinegar and cooling lotions improve the condition locally, but the chief concern of the sufferer should be to concentrate upon placidity and to attain an increasing degree of nervous self-control.

FEET . . .

sometimes behave in hot weather as if one were performing the Indian fakir's trick of walking on sharp nails. This discomfort is accentuated for most of us by the shortage of cool shoes.

Low-heeled openwork shoes are the perfect hot-weather wear, but as these have such a short season, few wardrobes include them now.

Swollen and tender feet, due to the pressure of unsuitable shoes, can be relieved when at home by stretching out on a sofa with the feet supported at a higher level than the body. The removal of corns and callouses and the regular trimming of nails gives, moreover, that little extra *liebensraum* inside your shoes.

In hot weather feet benefit from two bathes a day, one the normal daily tub, and the other a footbath with a permanganate of potash solution. Eau-de-Cologne and salicylic acid (in proportions of two per cent) also make a foot wash that lessens excessive perspiration.

Methylated spirits is good for hardening the skin on the soles of the feet when extra walking has to be undertaken in trying heat, but comfortable shoes and daily foot care should be sufficient for most people.

Hats Off . . .

HATS off your head for the summer. Hats off your face for the winter.

If summer does not pass in one day of perfect sunshine, the health and beauty prescription for your hair is—sun and air. Not only do the sun's rays retard that darkening-of-the-years which most heads suffer, but they vitalize the scalp and encourage the growth of hair. Hair must

Steiner sweeps the hair back from the brow and up from the neck into a large, loosely coiled plait which can be attached

be longer and longer to achieve the new hair styles.

Make a daily scalp-massage, with brushing and combing at the open window, a health treatment on sunny days. Go without a hat for all informal occasions and give yourself an occasional home shampoo with Steiner's S.3 conditioning shampoo, price 9s. Dry the hair in the sun for a tonic effect. The sun tonic may seem to make your hair too dry if you already have a tendency to dryness. Even a normal scalp may respond with dryness, but by adding Steiner's Sebosyn, a synthetic sebum, to your hair before its daily brushing you can keep it glossy and well-behaved, despite its holiday treatment. Use this preparation again after shampoos and before setting if your hair is abnormally dry. A few drops on the palms and smoothed over the hair. The price is 9s. from Steiners.

Synthetic Sebum is also helpful in counteracting the bad effects of back-combing (a habit many more women are practising, now that hair must look lavish in quantity).

When the hair has been coaxed into good condition you will be ready to take an interest in the new hair styles, which ask not only for longer hair but for hair glistening with health and good grooming.

The latest line in hair styling is not revolutionary, but it is very decided.

To a certain extent it is committed to off-the-face lines. The chief essentials of the new hair-dos is a smooth crown and smooth back of the head upon which the new backward tilting hats may sit in comfort.

Upward sculptured curls in front are out. The high pompadour waves over the forehead are *passé*. Hair is either parted and taken smoothly to the sides, or swept back with charming simplicity.

If you want to keep your hair short, the only way to achieve the new fashion note is by means of a pin-on chignon or plait. Thick plaits to give any head film-star glamour are obtainable at a price. Sixteen guineas and upwards is about the price. So, in the circumstances you will probably decide to grow your own hair this summer. Fairly long locks, even a shoulder-touching bob, can be carefully coaxed into one of the new hair styles.

Now for a few of the basic styles :

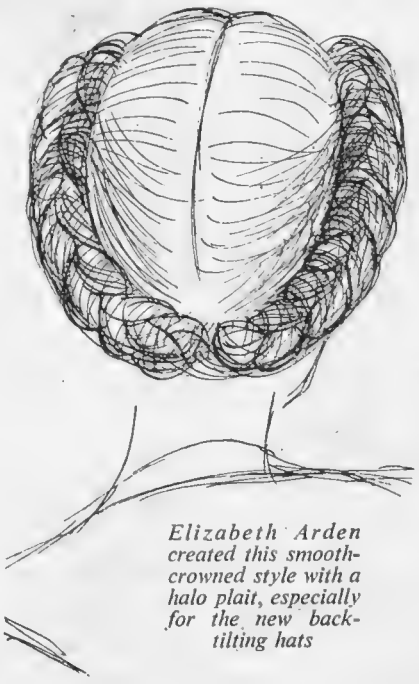
The first takes the hair straightly back from the brow in a shining bird's wing sweep to the nape of the neck, here it is tied and a huge imitation "bun" in the form of a fairly thick plait, or soft loose coils of hair, is pinned in place.

A second style, by Steiner, takes the hair back in the same Grecian simplicity, but a magnificently thick plait is pinned so that it loops from the crown of the head to the nape of the neck. The whole back of the head is plait-covered with this style—that is why it is for evening only—unless you are one of the "no hat" people during the day.

Still another style which can be more easily copied by those with an average growth of hair, is that in which the hair is parted in the centre from forehead to nape of neck. Each half head is brushed to the side and may be tied directly above or behind the ears, from where it is plaited with the ends meeting at the nape of the neck.

The new hair styles are eminently suitable for hatless days, but they do call for hair in perfect health, as the smooth backward sweep of hair calls for sheen and shine.

Flat crown and upswept sides finish at the nape of the neck in a cascade of soft curls. Steiner



Elizabeth Arden created this smooth-crowned style with a halo plait, especially for the new back-tilting hats

HEALTH AND BEAUTY BY CHRYSIS

If you want help with your beauty troubles or details of anything mentioned in these pages, write to me at "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1

Summer Health Diet

On rising : 1 glass of hot water.

Breakfast : Fresh or dried fruit; two slices of toast; butter, marmalade or honey; one or two cups of weak tea if essential as stimulant.

11 a.m. : Glass of hot water, or fruit essence.

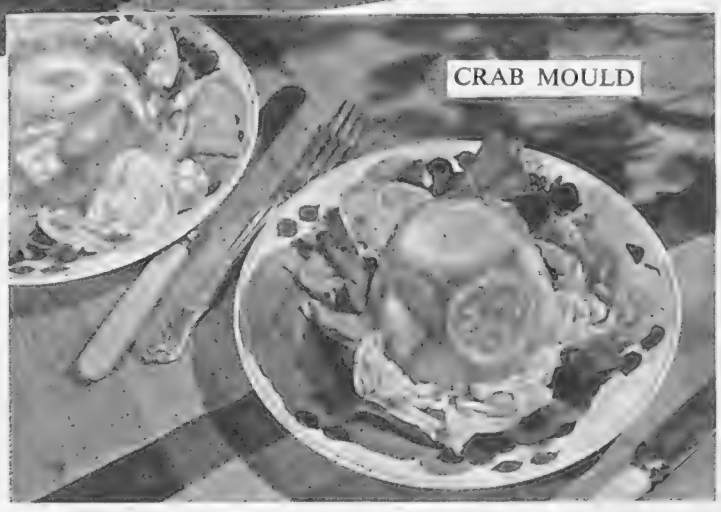
Lunch : Large plate of salad, raw and cooked vegetables, with accent on tomatoes, watercress, onions, and shredded cabbage. Hard-boiled egg, cheese, cold meat, sardines, pilchards or some savoury. Roll and butter.

4 p.m. : One or two cups of fairly weak tea.

Dinner : No soup. Steamed fresh fish, grilled or roast meat, game, omelette, or savoury dish. Plenty of lightly cooked green vegetable; potatoes (unless you are trying to slim quickly); fruit or stewed fruit, or milk dish; bread, providing your pudding has not been made with bread; biscuit and cheese; coffee.

Bedtime : One glass of hot milk with any of the tonic foods added, unless you are trying to slim, when hot water is preferable.

If your digestion is bad forgo tea and coffee, and vinegar. Always masticate raw vegetables thoroughly. Eat sweets after meals, not between.



Salads In Season

VEGETABLE POT-POURRI

Fill two cups with small onions and place the latter in a fireproof dish with, if available, a small quantity of salad oil (if no oil, then with a few margarine shavings) and leave in a medium oven until tender. Mix with 1 cupful of raw cauliflower flowerettes, 1 of cooked french beans and 1 of diced, cooked beetroot. Grate separately 1 onion and 1 garlic clove, mix with 1 dessertspoonful of chopped chives and 1 of tomato purée; add salad cream to taste and stir well into the vegetables. Serve on a bed of lettuce leaves.

SEA SALAD

Bone, skin and flake any white (cooked) fish, enough to fill two breakfast cups. Shell shrimps to fill one cup, fill a fourth cup with sliced cucumbers and a fifth with cooked macaroni washed in plenty of cold water. Mix all these ingredients together and season with the following dressing:—

Mash 3 skinned and boned sardines with 1 teaspoonful of mustard, a pinch of salt, 1 of pepper and 1 teaspoonful of sugar. Work in 1 egg (dry) and gradually mix in ½ cupful of white sauce and vinegar to taste. Garnish the dish with parsley before serving.

BOSTON CABBAGE

Shred as finely as possible 1 small cabbage heart; sprinkle with a little celery salt and mix with peeled and diced apples (windfalls should be obtainable). Add raisins to taste and season with a very little lemon juice or vinegar and sugar.

CUCUMBER BOATS

Cut lengthwise 2 or more fat cucumbers; scoop out the seeds and as much of the flesh as is practicable. Cut the latter into small pieces, replace in the skins and sprinkle lightly with sugar. Arrange on top half strawberries or raspberries, sprinkle again with sugar, let stand for 1 hour, then mix carefully, adding a few drops of apricot essence. Ice if possible before serving.

CRAB MOULD

Have ready some very strong fish stock (water in which fish, fish bones and heads and vegetables have boiled for at least 1 hour), season with pepper, celery salt and vinegar to taste, and in 1 pint of the liquid dissolve 1 oz. of gelatine. Strain. Fill individual moulds with a mixture of crab meat, finely sliced cucumbers and pieces of tomato. Fill up the moulds with the liquid and leave in a cool place until quite set. Turn out and serve on lettuce.

HERRING SALAD

Skin and bone as many fresh cooked herrings as wanted and mix the flesh with half its quantity of cooked, sliced potatoes and half its quantity of cooked, diced beetroot. Add 1 grated onion and your favourite dressing.

SPECIAL CREAM

Melt 2 oz. of margarine and in it fry half a finely chopped cucumber and 1 sliced onion. When golden-brown add 1 tablespoonful of flour. When the flour is absorbed, pour over 2 pints of liquid—half water, half milk. Stir well and simmer for 30 minutes with a few spinach leaves and a teaspoonful of chopped herbs (don't forget mint). Pass through a sieve, season to taste and quickly boil in the soup, just before serving, add a few peas and a little cucumber cut into small squares.

MONSTER CUPS

Cut a marrow in two and carefully scoop out both halves. Line with lettuce leaves, then fill each half with equal parts of uncooked, sliced tomatoes, sliced cucumbers (both peeled), chopped radishes and onions and cooked peas. Mix in a little salad cream just before serving.

AN OLD-FASHIONED RECIPE

Wash and shred as much endive as wanted and mix with one quarter of its quantity of minced onion. (The easiest way to measure is in cups.) Just before serving add a dressing made by mixing 1 tablespoonful of concentrated meat stock with 1 of oil or salad cream. Add lemon juice and honey to taste and, if not available, replace with vinegar and sugar.

SPECIAL CREAM SOUP

Cold Soups

MUSHROOM SOUP

Peel and cut into slices 1 lb. of mushrooms; fry them lightly in 2 oz. of margarine and then add 1 dessertspoonful of flour. Mix well in, smoothing out the lumps, and pour over 1½ pints of water, 1 onion and ½ cupful of broken tomatoes. Season with celery salt and simmer until all the ingredients are cooked. Pass through a sieve and serve either hot or cold.

FRENCH PEA SOUP

Shell 2 lb. of peas and boil the shells and half the peas with 1 carrot and 1 onion in 2 pints of water for half an hour. Strain and rub the vegetables through a sieve. Fry 1 small onion in 1 oz. of margarine, incorporate 1 dessertspoonful of flour and add the liquid. Bring to the boil, stirring well, add the remaining peas, a little mint, salt and pepper to taste, and simmer until the peas are soft. If too thick, add a little milk.

MARROW CREAM

Peel and remove the seeds from 1 small marrow; cut it into pieces and fry them with 1 sliced onion in 2 oz. of margarine. Leave for 10 minutes, then add 1 tablespoonful of flour and, finally, 1½ pints of vegetable stock. Bring to the boil, let simmer for 10 minutes, then pass the vegetables through a sieve. Mix well with the liquid, season to taste and serve with a little cream from the top of the milk.

HARVEST SOUP

Bring to the boil 3 pints of water with 2 onions, 2 carrots, a bone if possible, a small piece of parsley and 2 potatoes. Add 6 oz. of pearl barley and let simmer for 1½ hours. Pass through a sieve and add enough milk to bring the soup to the consistency of thick cream, then allow to come to the boil once more, add salt and pepper and a few sliced tomatoes. Serve with chopped parsley as soon as the tomatoes are cooked.

BEAN CREAM

Bring to the boil 3 pints of water; add 1 carrot, a little parsley, 1 sliced onion, 2 tomatoes, 1 clove of garlic, 1 potato and ½ lb. of french beans. Let simmer for 45 minutes, strain and add salt and pepper. Boil again with just enough french beans to garnish each plate.

ICED BROTH

Put into a saucepan 1 cupful of chopped carrots, 1 of spinach leaves, 1 of tomatoes cut into quarters, 1 of beans and 1 of sliced onions. Cover with 3 pints of water and simmer for 2 hours with a bunch of herbs and 2 teaspoonfuls of celery salt. Add salt and pepper to taste, and strain before serving iced.

Harriet Muir

Iced Drinks

ICED COFFEE

Mix milk, sugar and coffee according to taste, then make with the mixture a thin custard using half the usual amount of custard powder. Chill thoroughly before serving. A useful drink for young children's parties, but not usually appreciated by their elders!

TEA SHAKE

Bring to the boil 2 pints of milk (or one of milk and one of water) and pour over 1 oz. of tea. Let stand for 5 minutes then strain and add sugar to taste. Chill and, just before serving, whisk and add ice. A good drink for picnics.

STRAWBERRY WHISK

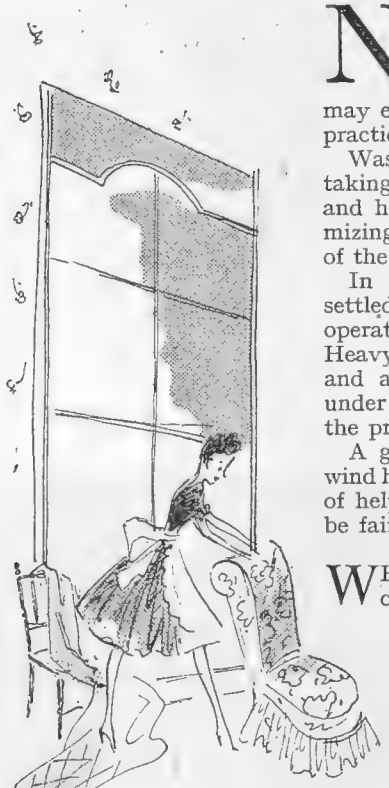
Pass enough strawberries or raspberries through a sieve to allow one teaspoonful of pulp per portion. Cover the pips with water and bring to the boil. Add the strained liquid to the pulp, sweeten to taste and mix with milk (¼ pint per person). Keep in a very cool place. Whisk and serve with ice cream.

"90° IN THE SHADE"

To 1 pint of the best cider sweetened to taste, add a slice of lemon, ½ pint of iced aerated water, 1 gill of gin and a few drops of orange essence. Leave on ice for at least half an hour before serving.

TEA SHAKE

These are good drying days...



NORMALLY, few of us would undertake the washing of heavy furnishings when they could be sent to the cleaners. But now, when anything up to two months may elapse before cleaning is recovered, the only practical alternative seems to be "do it yourself."

Washing the "heavies" is no ordinary undertaking, particularly in the case of velours, tweeds and hessian fabrics, but there are ways of minimizing the labour and of improving the appearance of the fabrics into the bargain.

In the first place it pays to wait for some settled weather before beginning a washing operation that cannot be completed in a day. Heavy furnishing materials take a while to dry and are all the better for washing and drying under weather conditions that help to accelerate the process.

A good sunny day with a wind is ideal. The wind helps drying and has the important advantage of helping you to keep cool at a task which can be fairly exhausting in hot weather.

WHEN heavy curtains, tablecloths or chair covers are going out to dry, give the clothes-lines a once-over before hanging out. The weight of these articles, increased still more by moisture, will tax any ordinary clothes-line, probably beyond endurance. So make sure that it is adequate and won't let your clean washing down.

Dust accounts for much of the surface dirtiness of heavy furnishing materials. Get rid of this first by thoroughly beating and shaking the articles in the open air, before the wet-cleaning process begins.

A good deal of the remaining dirt can be floated out by immersion.

Put the covers—or whatever they may be—into soak over-night. It is important for the fabric to be completely covered with water, so the bath is the best receptacle, even though you have to be up early to remove the washing before the family tubbing begins.

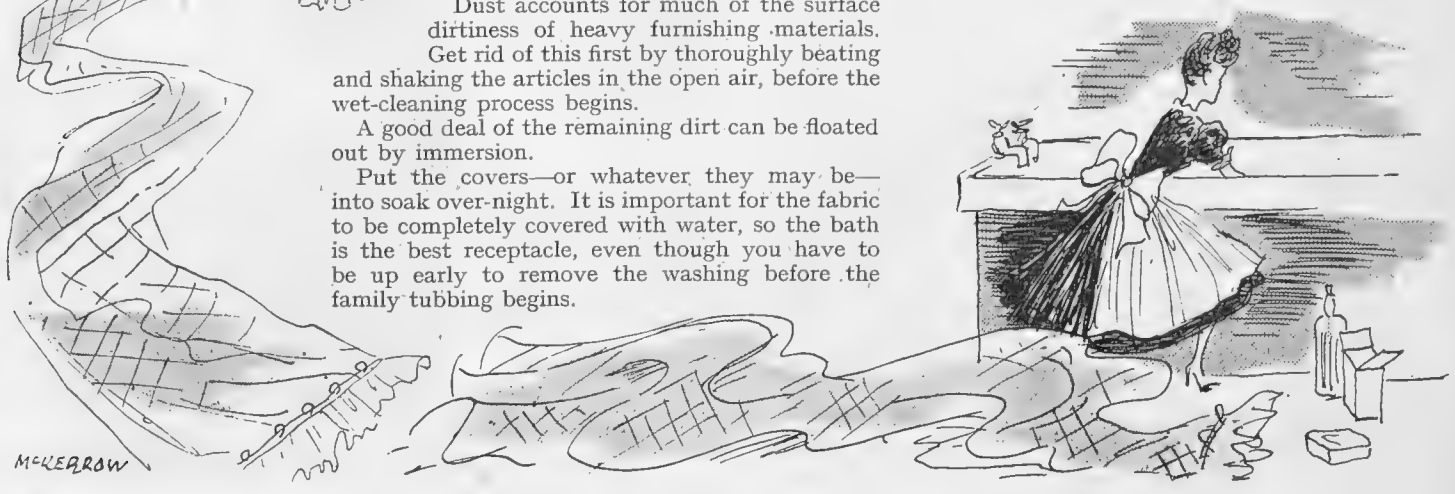
Soap being the problem it is, it may be necessary to use a little soda in the washing water. If the material in question is substantial, this won't hurt. Otherwise, substitute ammonia.

If a good flat surface is available to work on, the dirtier parts (such as arms and backs of chair covers) should be laid flat and scrubbed gently. In some cases this is essential, as very harsh materials, like tweed and hessian, are difficult to grasp for ordinary rubbing.

THE quantity of water used will determine the final success of washing operations. Change the water a dozen times if necessary. A little extra trouble taken to do this will pay dividends.

Plush and duvetyn materials should not be squeezed. A soft scrubbing brush can be used to brush the surface of the fabric, but this must only be done *with* the pile. Not, on any account, the opposite way.

Neither of the latter materials will require ironing, but tweeds, hessians and cretonne will. Chair and settee covers are very difficult to iron on a table or ironing board by reason of their heaviness and shape. A better way is to spread an old blanket on the carpet and iron the covers there. In this way the whole weight of the fabric is supported, and you get a good flat surface upon which to work in comfort. Taking care, of course, that adequate padding protects the carpet from scorching.



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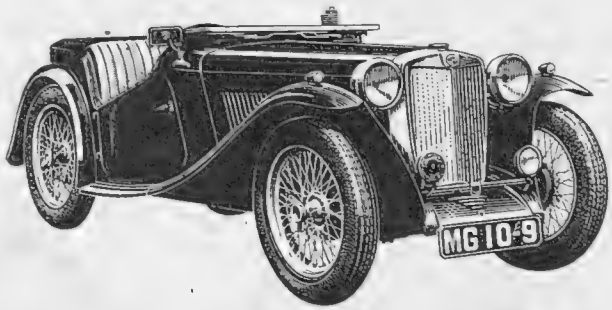

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Measures To Take When Holiday Accidents Call For Mother's HELP!

By Louisa Kay

CHILDREN on holidays are out for fun and a bit of adventure if there is any going, and good luck to them if they can make their own entertainment without piling up the mischief too liberally or, what is far worse, the danger of accidents, major or minor.

Prevention is the best cure for any kind of accident and children can be taught—especially older ones—to keep their wits about them even in play and parents can ram home the lesson of safety-first without making Caution the dark angel of their playtime.

Just the same, minor accidents still break in and, without prompt and skilful attention, these can lead to discomfort and even quite serious consequences.

The ordinary insect bite is fairly inevitable, of course, but it pays to deal with it promptly because poisoning is a common result of neglect. Even a bad irritation will promote frayed tempers and restless nights.

Poisoning, as a result of bites, can always be attributed to scratching and infection of the punctured skin. *Not* to the bite itself. If children are going out to play where insects are on the prowl, take the trouble to dab over exposed parts of the skin with a solution of Epsom salt before they go. This keeps the enemy at a distance. A small lump of common soda carried about in somebody's pocket is helpful, too, and when the bites occur, it should be moistened and rubbed on immediately the irritation starts. This minimizes scratching and consequently the risk of infection.

Blistered feet are a commonplace when kiddies run about without socks. Perspiration moistens the skin and, if shoes are not a perfect fit, friction somewhere will lead to painful blistering. The perfect answer, of course, is well-fitting shoes, but that isn't always possible in these days, so you can only prevent the trouble as far as possible by rubbing the feet all over with dry boracic powder before long walks. Carry a small tin of adhesive dressing about on all-day jaunts and immediately a sore foot crops up cover the place.

Never puncture a blister, tempting though it may be. The skin protects the inflamed part from infection and it should be moistened with a little antiseptic and kept well covered.

Sunstroke ought not to occur if children are encouraged to wear a light head covering whenever the sun is fierce, but mothers cannot always be around to make sure that this essential precaution is observed, so one should know how to act if the worst happens.

Children—and adults—suffering from a "touch of the sun" will generally confront you with easily recognized symptoms. These include a flushed face, a quick pulse, sometimes sickness and a general appearance of malaise. Quiet and rest in a shaded room is essential. Give plenty of water to drink and apply cold compresses to the head. If there is no obvious improvement within a few hours send for a doctor.

If a child comes to you with something in the eye, discourage rubbing it as a first step because this only increases the discomfort and promotes inflammation. Try to remove the invader with the corner of a handkerchief, but it is difficult to prevent a child from wriggling while you are probing. So, if this fails, a few drops of castor oil or liquid paraffin may float it out.

Children who have been well drilled don't eat berries and unknown fruits of the countryside, but if the worst happens and poisoning follows, give an emetic made from common salt dissolved in a tumbler of tepid water. Repeat the dose until sickness follows, but this is merely an interim measure *until* the doctor arrives.

A first-aid box and a cool head are prime essentials in the face of all such emergencies. Once armed with these the best thing is to forget the matter, because the accident may never happen.

Relax, pretty one . . .

it's holiday time, and you have nothing in the world to do but laze and be your charming self . . . and maybe to choose from the hearts that lie at your feet. Homage will be yours wherever you go, for you have Yardley beauty-things and skill in using them. And what man can resist loveliness so subtle that it seems to have no need of art ?

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33 · OLD BOND STREET
LONDON

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Wolsey

Old Tales Re-told (*Continued from page 24*)

Cadijah thoroughly hypnotized by Mahomet, not only joined him in his mission but considered her husband a supernatural being. The storm burst however when Mahomet decided to preach in public for he became the subject of public ridicule. Jeers and insults were hurled at him wherever he went. Through the streets of Mecca he was pointed at as one insane and whenever he tried to speak his voice was drowned by sneers and shouts and often he had even rubbish thrown at him.

The conservative spirit of a race so isolated and far from the evolution of the rest of the world could not so easily accept the drastic new and revolutionary law of public morals and religious reformation.

For safety Mahomet's family had to be smuggled away to Abyssinia together with many of the disciples whose lives were in danger. The Koran was forbidden, but was secretly read by increasing numbers.

A new law instituted by the Koreishites banished from Arab territory anyone who embraced the new faith.

One day whilst praying in the Caaba it was only Mahomet's superior strength that broke the grip of an assassin's hands around his throat. The crescendo of dangers and the imploring insistence of his adherents persuaded him finally to take refuge in the house of a friend on the hill of Safa, supposed to be the hill where Adam and Eve wandered after their expulsion from the Garden of Eden. There he found a little peace and in his lonely wanderings his vivid imagination often conjured up the vision of the first sinners.

A deadly peril was rapidly approaching. One of Mahomet's relatives had wounded on the head an important man named Abu Jahl. Omar, a young man of gigantic build and a nephew of this man undertook to search out Mahomet in his retreat and kill him. On the way he discovered that his own sister and brother-in-law were amongst the converts. He rushed to their house and found them reading the Koran, whereupon he was taken by such fury that he struck his brother-in-law to the ground and would have killed him had not his sister stopped him. He slapped her face so violently as to make blood flow, but on seeing this he repented his rash action and the sobbing woman, taking advantage of this lessening of his fury, gave him the Koran to read. After reading some of its impressive passages he relented and begged their forgiveness.

Like all impulsive natures he passed from one extreme to the other, and a little later, with the words of the Koran deeply imprinted in his heart, he prostrated himself before Mahomet, declaring his conversion to the real God and his prophet.

Twenty-five years had elapsed since Cadijah had married this great man. All her wealth had vanished; her tenacious youth had also given way under the strain of anxieties and privations, yet she remained up to the time of her death, Mahomet's only wife to whom, in spite of the polygamy allowed to the Koran, he had been faithful to the last.

When Mahomet reached the age of fifty and Cadijah sixty-five, this admirable woman died with the firm belief that one day the new doctrine would be adopted by all the Oriental nations of the world.

What followed brings us back to the argument on the originalities and eccentricities of the genius. Mahomet, who had been so devoted to his wife of sixty-five years old, only one month after her death became betrothed to Ayesha, a little girl of seven, and married her when she was nine. He married many other women besides, but his predilection remained for the little child-wife. When she grew up she realized that the only rival she had was not in the prophet's numerous harem, but the one in his heart, the memory of Cadijah.

END

Zero Girl (*Continued from page 12*)

nd they've been known to do nastier things ian bounce a blackjack off somebody's me to get a picture of her. But I'll tell u where I'm going myself to check the scription of this shy admirer. I'm going to e Counter-Intelligence files!"

Lois didn't say anything. She was thinking the responsibility she personally felt to ex-Captain René Etienne Paul Franchot.

Her mind pursued its own activity.

There were, as Conlon had said, two tectives on this case, each working from his own specialized angle.

But there was also a codist, and a codist, too, was a specialist. She specialized in puzzles.

"It is now learned that ex-Captain René Franchot, victim of a mysterious attack on the night before last, will recover. Detectives are standing by at the Val-de-Grâce Hospital for medical permission to question the injured man.

"Inspector David requests widest publication of the following particulars, obtained from Hippolyte Alexandre Goubillon, forty-seven, waiter, Café Montparnasse, of the unidentified girl whose portrait is believed to have been the motive for the savage attack on Captain Franchot. . . ."

IT was a true Parisian's cultivated eye for the feminine which had furnished the racy description of herself to which Lois's attention was drawn by the puritanically frowning Fourth Secretary.

"References to the figure," observed that exacting critic, "I find wholly redundant."

Lois herself, as, shortly after reading the item, she descended with her distinguished escort from a taxi at the corner of that busy traffic circus, the Chaussée de la Muette, could have wished that the description had lacked something in verve and accuracy. She felt as if at any second some hawk-eyed meddler would be bound to recognize her and, halting, throw out a vibrant forefinger.

Quickly, she stepped out of the warm spring sunshine, and the bustle of mid-morning shoppers, into the shade of the awning over the sidewalk tables of the corner café. Conlon was sitting at a table, back against the glass partition—and the poker-faced Security man was grimly satisfied with himself.

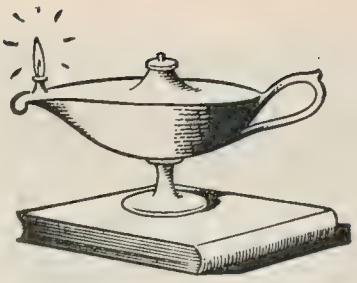
"I think I've found our man," he said. "I phoned you because I want you along when I talk to him, Lois, so I can watch how he reacts when he sees you." He nodded across the circus. "Those opulent-looking buildings with the curved sunblinds on the upper floors—that's where he hangs out: the one with the beauty salon on the street level. He's got an office on the second floor—*A. Lakong et Cie, Importeurs.*"

Philip said, "He's the man who wanted to buy the picture?"

"As his description checks closely with that of a certain man in Counter-Intelligence records," Conlon said, "I think it's a cinch—especially as this fellow's a professional Embassy termite. I had a hunch that description rang a bell. Armand Lakong, this fellow calls himself; he's a Eurasian, out of some rat-gnawed corner of Indo-China. His 'importing business' is a cover. He has a network of sub-termites, watching all the Embassies impersonally."

"If he's known," said the Fourth Secretary, shocked by this revelation of a diplomatic underworld, "why is he at large?"

"Because these people," said Conlon, "don't play political sides. They have their contacts with the secret service of every nation, and they get away with it because they're too useful to too many people, they know too much, and they're careful never to tread on the corns of the country they happen to be working in. The only way they come to grief is when (*Continued on page 52*)



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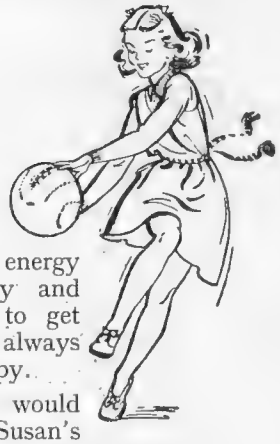

She puts such energy into her play and never seems to get tired. She's always so fit and happy.

Any mother would be proud of Susan's radiant good health and energy. Ever since she was quite a tiny tot any little stomach upsets have soon been corrected with ' California Syrup of Figs.'

When children are ' out of sorts ' this natural laxative will regulate the system and put them right again.

"California Syrup of Figs"

they can't resist a juicy sideline, and tangle with the civil police." He rose. "All right, now you know the set-up, let's go!"

They crossed the animated circus, shrill with motor-horns and the squeal of the cloaked *gendarme's* whistle, and Conlon led the way up the marble stairs to the left of the beauty salon.

The only person on the second-floor landing was a dejected man in a seedy blue suit, with a battered dispatch-case, unhopefully yearning down the elevator shaft as he pressed the button.

Conlon went straight to a glazed-glass door marked *A. Lakong et Cie*, opened it, strode in. The office, carpeted and spacious, was unoccupied, but from the half-open door of an inner room an ingratiating, suave voice invited:

"*Entrez, s'il vous plaît.* My clerk just stepped out. I——"

The ponderous man in the black coat and striped trousers, heaving himself up from behind a vast, carved desk in the richly-furnished inner room, broke off as he saw Conlon. His chocolate-dark eyes, in a pear-shaped, wattled, saffron-tinted face, slid to Philip, to Lois—and the lids drooped warily.

"No need to introduce ourselves, I think?" Conlon said, with a hard grin.

"It would, indeed, be idle to deny," said the bulky man agreeably, "that I recognize you, Mr. Harvey Conlon. Excuse me. . . ."

He moved across the carpet, on mincing, small feet, to push the door quite shut, then hospitably trundled forward heavy, deep chairs.

"We have never before had the felicity of a personal meeting, Mr. Conlon," said the outsize termite, "but I think we—understand each other?" He lowered his tonnage carefully into his desk-chair, pushed a box of small, gold-tipped cigarettes across the desk. "I have often had occasion to admire the excellence of the security you maintain at your Embassy."

"Ever seen this young lady before?" Conlon demanded.

The subtle eyes of the fat man roamed over Lois with a caressing softness, from her neat shoes to her amber hair.

"Miss Lois Forrest," he said, "aged twenty-four, confidential codist handling high-level traffic. You would like to know her parentage, educational background, hobbies—or of the kindly interest lately taken in her by that diplomat of promise, Mr. Philip Graven?"

"Great Scott!" said the outraged Fourth Secretary.

Lakong waved the cigarette, straw-thin, in his cushiony hand.

"I wish to stand well with you, Mr. Conlon," he said. "Therefore, I will tell you frankly I know why you are here. Yes—I was in the Café Montparnasse on the night before last. I was sitting there, over my *apéritif*, when this young lady walked in—unescorted. I, of course, knew her, and you will understand that the situation was tantalizing. From a little conversation, if it could be contrived, who knew what items of interest one might pick up from an Embassy codist?"

"Go on," Conlon said, hard-eyed.

"I was debating the best approach," continued Lakong, "when I noticed an artist at a table below me making a sketch of Miss Forrest. It was a timely circumstance. If I acquired the picture, and through the waiter intimated to the artist that, having done a handsome stroke of business for himself, it would be convenient if he now took himself off, behold, I had my gambit! I had only to approach the young lady, tell her I had seen some casual bohemian making the sketch and that I had obtained it for a few francs, thinking it might amuse her to have it, and I should have placed myself on speaking terms!"

Lois sat very still, studying each word as intently as, in the Embassy Codes Room, she studied the groups of a mutilated code.

"Unhappily," went on the plausible snooper, "I misread my artist. Instead of yielding the sketch to me, he went across to Miss Forrest with it, and I saw he had every intention of using the whole episode to

ingratiate *himself* with her! I therefore left, since to have allowed Miss Forrest, with her curiosity thus aroused, to have seen me, perhaps to carry an identifiable description of me back to the Embassy, would merely have meant a black mark against me in your books, Mr. Conlon—with nothing of value to myself to show for it!"

Lakong spread his hands with an expansive candour.

"That is everything I know! Except," he added, "what I read in the papers. This attack on the artist, Captain Franchot, is as mysterious to me as doubtless it is to you. But if you *should* be cherishing any unworthy suspicion of myself, Mr. Conlon, I urge you seriously to consider—what use was that picture to me from the moment the artist carried it to Miss Forrest? Nil, my dear sir! Therefore, why should *I* attack Franchot to get it?"

Conlon looked steadily for a moment at the fat man, then abruptly rose.

He said, "I'm not interested in the civil police angle on the attack on Franchot. I'm just interested in the use to which that picture might be put by you or the type of customer you serve. Because I can't quite figure that at the moment, don't flatter yourself I won't—and don't imagine I won't be back, Lakong!"

He turned. But Lois said suddenly, "Wait! *Wait!*" and the eyes of the three men went sharply to her.

She was tense. "Mr. Lakong," she said, "you told us that the reason you slipped out when Franchot brought the picture across to me was that you didn't want my attention drawn to you, so that I got your description. But you must have known that the mere fact that you *did* slip out so mysteriously made it *absolutely certain* that Captain Franchot and I would ask *all* about you from the waiter!"

"Lois," Harvey Conlon said softly, "you've got something there! Keep talking!"

"So, in slipping out the way you did," Lois said, to the mountainous man at the desk, "I think you must have had some quite different reason from the one you've given!"

She turned to Conlon, and now her heart was beginning to hammer, though her trained mind was working very clearly and swiftly, just as when, in the Codes Room, she wrought under pressure at a corrupt message.

"It's like a code, Mr. Conlon," she said. "If your indicator group is wrong, everything's wrong! We've assumed the indicator here to be the picture. Someone attacked Captain Franchot to get the picture. But that keeps bringing us up against a blank wall, because no one seems even able to *imagine* what use the picture could be to anybody. Well, suppose we change the indicator. Suppose we say that it's the indicator itself, the *picture*, that's putting us wrong. Suppose it was to get something quite different that Captain Franchot was attacked!"

"But, Lois," said Philip, apologizing for her with a glance at Conlon, "we know it was the picture that was taken."

Lois drew in her breath. "Last time *I* saw that picture," she said, "there was something attached to it—*Mr. Lakong's thousand-franc note!*"

She looked with sparkling eyes at Lakong, sitting shapeless, motionless, at his great desk.

"Taking the note as our indicator, and *not* the picture," Lois said, "it suggests that the reason you slipped out the way you did could be not because of what I might have noticed about *you*, Mr. Lakong, but because of what I—a person from the Embassy—might have noticed about *that note*!"

Her voice was breathless.

"Perhaps it was an accident that you sent *that particular* note to the artist, Mr. Lakong—an accident so serious that, the instant you realized it, you made yourself scarce! But you didn't go far. You kept an eye on the *café*. You wanted to see whether anything unusual happened. You wanted to retrieve your error—if you could. You wanted to get that note back. (*Continued on page 54*)

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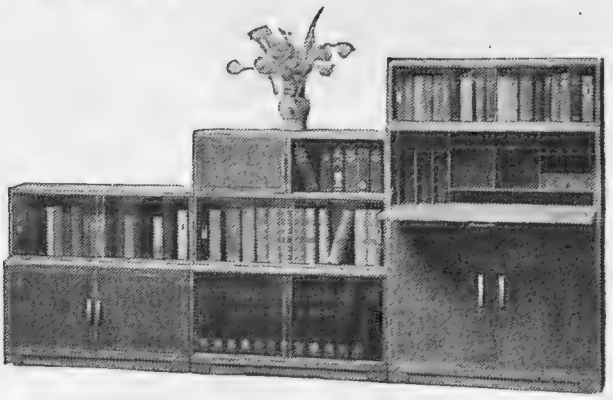

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FOODS FOR INFANTS

F.39

You knew that, if Franchot passed it and a question arose, he could describe the man it came from and the waiter could corroborate him."

She knew, now, with absolute certainty. It was like a code: with the correct indicator, every symbol yielded its significance.

"You were an Embassy spy—a watcher of comings and goings there; and not averse to a profitable sideline. To have had *that* note traced to you would have put you right on the spot. So you followed Captain Franchot and retrieved it. And the only reason I can think of why that note can have been of such special significance is that it was a *marked* note! And the only marked notes I know of that are remotely associated with the Embassy, are those connected with the death of a lovely and innocent girl I once glimpsed from the Codes Room window—*Sonia Hamilton*!"

She was on her feet now, turning with a sort of desperate appeal to Conlon.

"Ask him to show you the notes he has on him at this moment—or in the drawers of his desk, or in his safe——"

"Mr. Conlon, if your hand is not out of your pocket in a split second," purred the mountainous man at the desk, "I will blow Miss Forrest's ingenious brains out! I mean it, my friend! I have had her covered from the instant she introduced a thousand-franc note into the conversation! Up with your hands, gentlemen—if you love her! That's better!"

He rose massively, the automatic embedded in his cushiony palm wavering not a fraction from Lois.

"I had that note in my wallet that night," he said, "for a particular reason, of no concern to you. It was a freak mischance which led me to use it for the purpose I did. But having recovered it, I thought I was—as you would say—in the clear. I thought the red herring I had left by relieving Captain Franchot of the drawing, also, would well cover me. I congratulate Miss Forrest on the reasoning by which she eliminated the red herring!"

The automatic fixed on Lois, he moved without haste to the door, the three—Conlon and Philip with their hands high, and Lois—turning slowly to follow his movements.

With his back to the door, the mountainous man said, "I pay the price of the cobbler who failed to stick to his last. But you will not imagine I am without my emergency exits, not only from this building but from this country. When I lock this door behind me, I earnestly advise you not to try to force it for at least sixty seconds!"

He reached back with his free hand, drew the door open—and a voice said, "All right, drop the gun, Lakong! *Quick*! Keep back, Conlon—Graven—both of you! Stay right where you are!"

The man in the seedy blue suit and felt hat, whom Lois had seen dejectedly pressing the elevator button, stood in the doorway with a weapon in his hand that looked unfamiliar to Lois. It was an automatic fitted with a silencer.

He said, "I was always certain it had to be one of these Embassy termites. I've been studying them one by one, and only yesterday turned my attention to Mr. Armand Lakong. Thanks to what I've heard through this door, I don't have to go any further. Turn around, Lakong!"

As the bulky man slowly pivoted, with an ashen face, Lois gasped and turned suddenly, blindly, away. Philip's arm went around her quickly. She pressed her forehead to his shoulder, as the man in the doorway said with a kind of cold passion:

"Know me, Lakong? Good! *Then you'll know who this is for!*"

The three dulled reports were little louder than the thuds of a humane killer. There was an instant of quiet in the room, during which the bray of motor-horns, the intermittent shrilling of the *gendarme's* whistle, rose clear and thin from the spring sunshine of the Chaussée de la Muette. Then the thud of a heavy figure falling jarred the floor.

The voice from the threshold said, "That's all."

The door clicked shut on Heath Hamilton, "roving diplomat," and his unknown destiny.

END

Off Duty Beauty

(*Continued from page* 40)

The second day begins with a skin analysis, and the skin expert is as encouraging as possible, and makes each woman realize her good points. After the skin analysis you join the class and this day's exercises are now done with the lithe line. This is an elastic rope affair which is held between the hands and gives the muscles extra work.

When the class arrives for the third day, the skin analysis has been worked out and each woman is given a list of the various preparations and cosmetics which are most suitable for her. She also gets a ten per cent. discount on all preparations which she orders during the following year.

There are no exercises on the fourth day as the two hours are given up entirely to the hair. You get a shampoo and finger wave and a new "hair-do" which has been designed specially for you.

On the last day of the course, the class again assembles in the gymnasium and this time there is music and the class is taught to dance the Rumba. After this, the women are taken to the make-up room which is decorated in blue and pink and arranged like the communal dressing-room for chorus girls, with make-up benches and looking-glasses, and the class is taught to make up properly, each woman using the cosmetics specially recommended for her individual use.

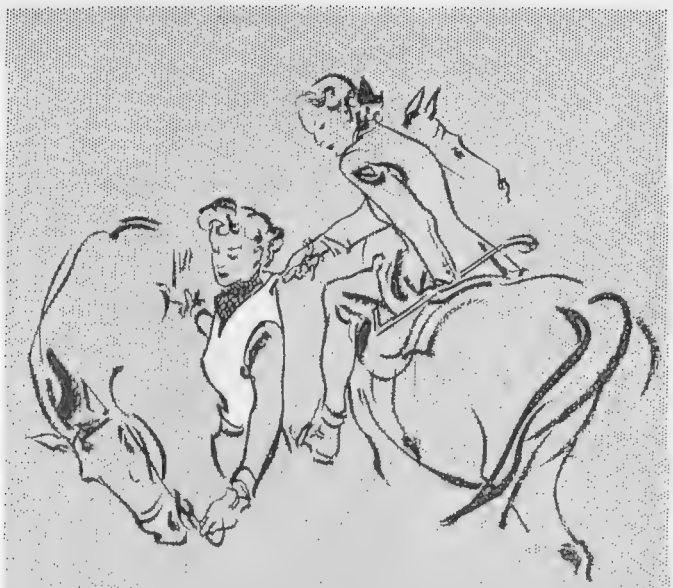
After this there is a fashion conference. The class receives a lecture, and each woman goes up to the platform and is advised individually as to the type of clothes and colours she should wear. Experts type each woman and, roughly speaking, there are three categories, the sophisticated, in other words the town woman, the country woman and the conservative type.

Before and after the course, weights and measurements are taken, and each woman receives her make-up chart as well as her diet sheet. In New York the prices charged at the Wonder School are inexpensive.

Apart from Helena Rubenstein's Wonder School, there is a much longer course given by another firm which takes several weeks, and is, of course, far more expensive. Then there are the beauty farms, the most famous of which is Elizabeth Arden's.

IT would be a good thing if the English manicurists could go out to New York and take a refresher course. At Revlons the manicure takes no less than three-quarters of an hour, and believe me, it is three-quarters of an hour well spent. Instead of the usual bowl of hot, soapy water, they have little paper cups filled with thick oily hand lotion and the nails are soaked in this. While you are soaking the nails, the lotion is heated electrically, and at the end of the soaking the oil is used for hand massage. Cuticles are dealt with in such a way that they are left completely trim and smooth and they do not grow back ragged or bitty. After the cuticles have been dealt with and the nails filed, they use a satin base and the usual two coatings of varnish, followed by the newest quick-drying oil. This oil is painted on and left for a good twenty minutes, after which the varnish is set and neither cracks nor chips until the next manicure.

As well as Bachelors Carnation, which is one of the new deep red varnishes, New York women are wearing three other shades. One is called Fatal Apple which is a bright scarlet; a deep pink is called Hildegarde Rose, named after Hildegarde herself who is the most-talked-of cabaret artist in New York, and a deep ruby-red varnish is called Tortoiseshell. (*Continued on page* 56)



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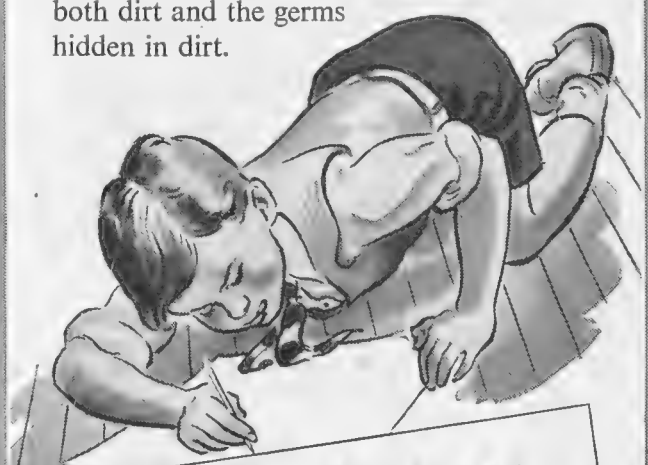

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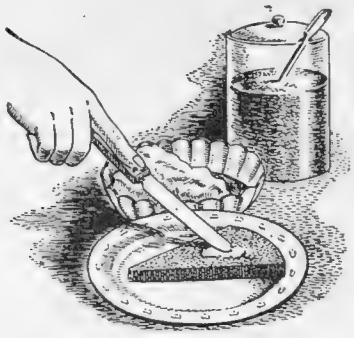

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Off Duty Beauty

The most enchanting sachets I have ever seen are the Elizabeth Arden love-letter sachets. These come in boxes of three and six. Each envelope has a little stamp with a love-bird and heart on it, and the post-mark reads "Old Love Letters." A pale pink envelope is addressed "To my dearest love—please say yes." A nile green one reads, "Loving greetings to you." A deep rose envelope is addressed, "Dearest, I can't forget you." A blue envelope reads, "Sweetheart, love me always," and each envelope has a flower motif. The perfume used is the famous "Blue Grass," and it is strong enough to scent a whole drawer-full of undies for a very long time.

The new summer shade is called "April-May," and you can get little boxes packed with matching lipstick, cream rouge and nail lacquer. I can even tell you the name of the make-up they are working on for next winter. It is to be called "Drama," and is described as a vibrant red. It will be a follow-on to the "April-May." They are also presenting a real French perfume called "On Dit," a sample of which I have already seen, or, rather, smelled, and very delicious it is.

Although it is not yet possible to get the new Arden perfection cream over here, the London salon is going to be able to produce a few of the essential preparations. These include Arden cleansing cream, orange skin cream, skin lotion, and the Velva cream mask.

END

Makes A Sun-Top

(*Continued from page* 36)

the beg. of every row (armhole end) and casting off 2 sts. at the beg. of every centre edge row until 36 sts. remain.

Now dec. 1 st. at the beg. of every row until 5 sts. remain. Cast off.

Return to the remaining 52 sts. on spare needle and work to correspond.

BORDERS

With No. 12 needles and contrast colour wool, with right side of work facing, pick up and k. 115 sts. along the lower edge of centre back to centre front. Work in k. 1, p. 1, rib. Work 4 rows, inc. 1 st. at the *centre front* on every row (at the beg. of 1st row and end of next). Change to main colour wool with a k. row. Rib 2 rows (continue inc.). Change to contrast colour wool with a k. row. Rib 4 rows (continue inc.). Cast off in rib, taking tog. 2 sts. every 20th st. Work other side to correspond.

With contrast colour wool and No. 12 needles pick up and k. from centre back to left-hand point of bodice 100 sts. Work as for the lower border, inc. 1 st. in every row at the point. Cast off as before.

With contrast colour wool and No. 12 needles pick up and k. 40 sts. down the centre V (from the top of point to centre 40 sts., 1 st. from centre and 40 sts. up to other point). Work as for the other borders, inc. 1 st. each end of every row at the top points and k. 2 sts. tog. of centre sts., on the 1st and every alternate rows. Cast off in rib.

STRAPS

With No. 12 needles and contrast colour wool, cast on 102 sts. (cast on loosely). Work as for borders. Cast off loosely.

TO MAKE UP

Press on the wrong side with a damp cloth and warm iron. Sew up back seam. Sew up centre point, leaving the centre main colour stripe for buttonhole. Sew up the top points. Sew on straps. Press seams.

END

Ribbed Yoked Sweater

(*Continued from page* 36)

shaping until work measures 12 ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 6 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows. Cast off 4 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows. Cast off 2 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows (95 sts.). Then k. 2 tog. at the beg. and end of every row until 84 sts. remain. Now continue in rib of k. 1, p. 1 until armhole measures 5 ins. Still continue in rib.

SHAPE NECK

Work 38 sts., cast off 8 sts, work 38 sts. Place the first 38 sts. on a spare needle. Continue on the last 38 sts. for 2 ins., at the same time casting off 1 st. at the beg. of every neck edge row until 28 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 7 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 armhole end rows. Return to the 38 sts. on spare needle, join wool at the neck edge and work to correspond.

THE BACK

Work as for the front until 1 in. ribbing after armhole shaping. Divide sts. for the back opening.

Work 42 sts. (place the remaining 42 sts. on a spare needle). Work in rib on the first 42 sts. until armhole measures 6 ins. Shape neck: 8 sts. at the beg of the neck edge row, continue for 1 in., at the same time dec. 1 st. every neck edge row until 28 sts. remain.

SHAPE NECK

Cast off 7 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 armhole end rows. Return to the 42 sts. on spare needle, join wool at the neck edge and work to correspond.

SLEEVES (both alike)

With No. 12 needles cast on 74 sts. Rib in k. 1, p. 1 for 1 in. Change to No. 9 needles and cast on 1 st. (73 sts.). Continue in main patt. Work 1 in., then inc. 1 st. each end of the next and every 4th row following until 85 sts. Continue until sleeve measures 6 ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE TOP

Cast off 2 sts. at the beg. of every row until 65 sts. remain. Then cast off 1 st. at the beg. of every row until 37 sts. remain. Cast off.

NECKBAND

With No. 12 needles cast on 120 sts. Rib in k. 1, p. 1 for 1 in. Cast off loosely.

TO MAKE UP

Press each part with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up the shoulder, sleeve and side seams. Sew in sleeves. Sew on the neck-band. With a No. 10 crochet hook, work 2 rows of double crochet each side of the back opening. Make 3 button loops on the right side of back opening. Press all seams. Sew on buttons.

ABBREVIATIONS

K. = knit; p. = purl; st. or sts. = stitch or stitches; dec. = decrease; inc. = increase; tog. = together; m. = make; patt. = pattern; beg. = beginning; w.fd. = wool forward; ins. = inches.

END

Nature's Colonizers In Britain

(*Continued from page* 29)

narrow "sail" enables the lime seeds to undertake their aerial journeys, while the heat of the sun sets free from their cone-prisons the seeds of larch and spruce. But man plays his part too, albeit unwittingly. After a country walk in the south of England a naturalist once took the trouble to examine his trouser turn-ups; they contained scores of seed-stowaways!

Nature is an internationalist. If winds will not carry her seed-children, she sometimes attempts invasion by water. The Gulf Stream annually brings a variety of seed raised in the West Indies and Mexico to the west coast of Ireland. A more successful "penetration," however, is ensured where the seeds cling to a ship or hide among the ballast.

END

Lucky Lady...

Ann certainly is a lucky lady . . . for the last six tiresome years, cleaning and sweeping at least, have never bothered her. Her G.E.C. electric cleaner has always seen her through. No wonder her envious friends are keeping a very sharp look-out for all the good things the G.E.C. are planning to provide in the months to come. Ease, efficiency and comfort with 'everything electrical'—*are* on the way.

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EIGHTPENCE THE LARGE PACKET.

WELGAR
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SHREDDED WHEAT

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A skin of exotic beauty—soft, smooth, supple, fine-textured—surpasses even classic features which can be the birthright of but very few.
A lovely skin can be acquired—quite inexpensively—by every woman, for Larola, though not as readily available as in pre-war days—is again obtainable, and supplies are steadily increasing.

"Larola"

From most chemists 2/8½ and 4/6 per bottle, including Purchase Tax.

Sole makers:
M. BEETHAM & SON, CHELTENHAM

Very Displaced Persons

(*Continued from page 13*)

emanation of the D.P.s themselves. You've heard of the hard core that won't go home. Well, thousands of such men, and many women too, have displaced themselves completely. They have become outlaws, robbers, brigands. The majority are Poles and Balts. From hide-outs in the forests and hills, they close in by night on isolated farms and properties. Moves from locality to locality are made only by night. The more daring have begun to enter towns—as a French officer told me down near Lake Constance.

In order to plunder, these V.D.P.s are ready to kill. They are ready to kill for food only, since their outlawism deprives them of ration cards. Lately they have been augmented from the ranks of "expelees" or Germans whom the Russians are sending westward. Among them are Poles who've been twice displaced: they've gone back to Poland, disliked it, and, posing as Germans, have been sent west again by the Russians. And once in the west some have joined the brigands. From the stories of captives, many of these V.D.P.s have chosen this violent raiding of the peasants and the countryside simply because they like it. They could return unmolested to their own countries. They prefer this not-so-Robin Hood freebooting existence as being more in keeping with uprooted, unknowable and disordered times.

A milder offshoot of the same problem is the unguessable number of Displaced Persons who are still living at large among the German population. They too are outside legality. Yet if many undesirables are lying low in this manner, most have merged themselves with German families who treated them well while they were forced labour. A host of our own men, for whom the War Office is still searching, prefer similarly to remain happy dug-ins among foreigners, even enemies, whom they've met and loved in war years.

Deserters and A.W.O.L.s are the next most numerous among V.D.P.s—though, as a fact, it is impossible to say when deserters merge with D.P. outlaws. Bands of each operate together, as in North Italy where the situation has got really bad, even in the suburbs of cities like Milan.

Among post-war deserters are many former prisoners whose experiences have altered them, setting them against so-called civilized society. I met a typical case last summer down on the Tegernsee, in Bavaria. He belonged to a northern Yeomanry Regiment and as he seemed so isolated, I offered to mention him. No, said he. Do no such thing. He intended to stay away. He preferred the free, the wild life, perhaps somewhere in this very region.

Don't let me give you the self-righteous notion that Britons and Dominion deserters are not in the V.D.P. picture too. I pass over the stock case, as heard recently at Chertsey. Of the Pioneer who deserted at Bremen, lived with other deserters by robbing the Germans, and got back to England on a false leave pass. There are much more picturesque cases than that. As of the Canadian detachment which impersonated part of a battery that had been shipped home, and got away with it for months near Paris, drawing double rations and engaging on some rare deals in the capital. Or the case of the eight Canadians and Americans who established an armoured headquarters in a siding near Düsseldorf, whence they raided the neighbourhood.

Two more deserter types and I must pass on. The first—hush!—is Russian. Yes, there are such things as deserters from the Red Army, in fact droves of them, no one knows how many. Some are operating almost on the Rhine, but most confine their predatory violence to Poland, Eastern Germany, the Carpathians, Hungary and Austria. The story waxes more complicated when we hear of roving gangs of Ukrainians crossing into Poland under Soviet officers (not in uniform) and marauding, pillaging and burning, as if making frontier life impossible for Poles, in response to high policy.

Such Russkis may not be so very displaced! But others are, right beyond the control of the mighty U.S.S.R.

The final deserter type is the German. "Deserting from what?" you may ask. I know; there's no Wehrmacht any longer. But we and the Americans have put German prisoners back in circulation by hundreds of thousands on the understanding that they register for work and proceed as directed to take up jobs. They do so for a time and then disappear. That's the desertion I mean, and it has come to be no small thing. There is now a continuous German accretion of V.D.P.s, Germans of whom the Allies lose all trace. By way of illustration, German drivers of British cars are not allowed into other zones lest they desert there.

The fact that such Germans must eat but dare not present their ration cards in places where they shouldn't be, makes them desperate. True, a proportion "desert," or become V.D.P.s, merely in order to regain their homes, jobs, families and friends. These may be harmless enough. But others undoubtedly gravitate to the first Nazi underground murmurings. Some of the more youthful join the "Edelweiss Pirates" whose *raison d'être* is to acquire loot under a camouflage of patriotism. These develop into roving bands, aged eighteen to twenty-one. Older but still young men join the Bavarian and Austrian Maquis up in the mountains.

The Bavarian Premier, Dr. Hoegner, takes this Maquis very seriously, insisting that it has army stores, weapons, and munition dumps, and that the aim is to re-lay the foundations of the Southern Redoubt which failed to materialize in April, 1945, because Hitler refused to go there. Dr. Hoegner claims that he knows the headquarters of these Maquis V.D.P.s to be in Switzerland.

Which reminds that Very Displaced Persons are spread far beyond ex-warring lands. Thousands of "obnoxious" Nazis in Spain and other former neutral countries fully qualify as V.D.P.s. There are V.D.P.s in France itself—traitors and bad collaborators still dodging arrest. The thousands of Nazis and Fascists still dodging arrest here, there and everywhere, are numerically third of V.D.P.s, after D.P. breakaways and military deserters. How often does one read that so-and-so has been arrested "under an assumed name." The Tyrol is a favourite hiding-out ground, and should become more so now that free movement has been restored in most of Austria.

Also joining the V.D.P.s are dismissed Nazis who elusively cross into other zones and lie their way into new employment after assuming local identities on the strength of false papers.

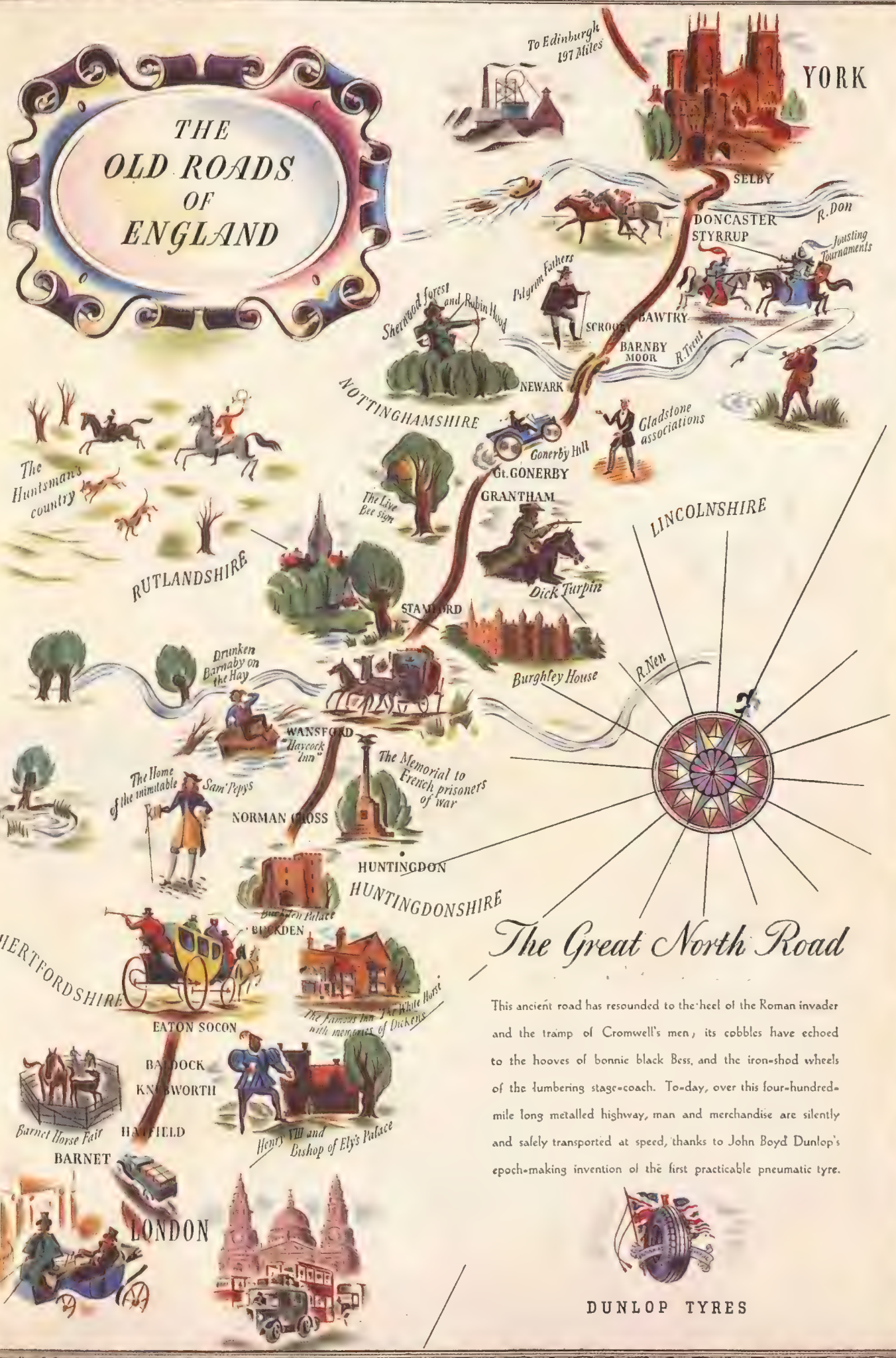
And, of course, smugglers have swelled the ranks of the V.D.P.s. Ex-Servicemen of several nations cling, in particular, to the Italo-Swiss fringe like bees to honey, since it is here that the great Nazi wealth in Switzerland can be made to flow into the gigantic smuggling racket.

Not to appear one-sided, let me add that the Yugo-Slavs assert that many Polish traitors are posing as refugees and hiding in camps under Allied military control.

And I was forgetting the Central Registry of War Criminals, in Paris. A few months ago it had 200,000 names of "found" and "wanted" on its lists. How many are still unaccounted for? Buried away, unbeknown, in internment camps? "On the run"?

In the Black Forest I came upon a lonely British outpost of this man hunt. It intrigued me to know what nine "Red Devils" were doing a year after V.E.-Day in such a curious location. I found them perched high in a villa and learnt the story from pale, frail, young Major Barkworth, and from a huge wall-map. The Major, our best runner-down of Nazi murderers, had lost most of his pals of the 2nd Special Air Service Regt., murdered in this area in late 1944. He meant to stay on until he had got all the murderers. Eleven were sentenced the following week at Wuppertal, five to death. The map showed six ultimate rings where fugitives were still hiding.

END



The Great North Road

This ancient road has resounded to the heel of the Roman invader and the tramp of Cromwell's men, its cobbles have echoed to the hooves of bonnie black Bess, and the iron-shod wheels of the lumbering stage-coach. To-day, over this four-hundred-mile long metalled highway, man and merchandise are silently and safely transported at speed, thanks to John Boyd Dunlop's epoch-making invention of the first practicable pneumatic tyre.

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fabrics branded TEBILIZED have tested crease-resistance

'TEBILIZED' TRADE MARK USERS' ASSOCIATION, 2 COOPER STREET, MANCHESTER 2

Circumstantial Evidence (*Continued from page 19*)

in discrediting Perry, the junior partner. More than once he was pulled up sharply by His Lordship.

"I will not have a witness accused of murder, Mr. Sands," he repeated primly.

Denis bowed and returned to the attack with more subtle innuendo.

"Is it true that you owed your bookmakers two thousand pounds? Were you not in a better position than the prisoner to forge those invoices?" Again and again, he was checked by the Bench but it was plain that the witness was not impressing the jury.

Perhaps the most startling feature of the trial was prosecuting counsel's address to the jury.

"This is a case based on circumstantial evidence," he said quietly. "You will not convict unless you are certain of the prisoner's guilt beyond all shadow of doubt. The question revolves on the one point. Who was guilty of embezzling the firm's money? That person destroyed the invoices. And he murdered Howard Fleming."

The Judge, you will remember, congratulated Armitage on his scrupulously fair handling of the case. Even the newspapers, busily reporting the sensational news of Perry's arrest, found space to pay tribute to counsel for the prosecution. Armitage, alone, could have enlightened them about his dramatic change of front.

He was working late in his Chambers the night before he made his final speech to the jury. Suddenly he realized that he had run out of tobacco, and all the shops would be closed. Denis used the same brand, he remembered. It might be an idea to have a smoke and a nightcap with him. He kept a good stock of Scotch.

Denis was not in his Chambers but his valet urged him to stay for a drink. He helped himself to a fill of baccy. Just as he was reaching for a box of matches he noticed the cigarette case. His throat went dry. Through a mist he heard someone murmur: "Say when, sir?" Soda squirted into his glass but he didn't notice it. Jean's cigarette case . . . the one he'd brought back from Paris for her. She and Denis . . . He stumbled blindly down the narrow staircase, numbed by the shock.

Jean had gone to bed when he got back, but she was still awake.

"I've left some sandwiches and a Thermos in the kitchen," she whispered.

"Thanks," he said stiffly.

"And, by the way, darling," she called after him. "I can't keep the secret another minute! Denis and I have been planning a surprise for you. You're to be guest of honour at a dinner on Saturday night. Denis is being mine host." She laughed in the darkness.

He gulped, thankful that she couldn't see his face.

"I spent ages with him in his Chambers tonight," she went on. "He's quite unscrupulous, you know, dear. He's only asked people who are likely to be of any use to you."

He came back, grinning, munching a sandwich. "Do you think they'll find that boy guilty?" she asked.

"I don't know," he mumbled. "To coin a cliché, my dear, circumstances alter cases." He bent down to kiss her. "Now, let's forget murder. Please!"

END

The Homing Instinct (*Continued from page 32*)

it must have been a spark from his cigarette end, and his companion said he wouldn't be surprised if it was.

The sentry was surprised to see them back again. The helpful American said he wanted to borrow a jeep. "You can have the lot if you sign for them, Captain," said the obliging sentry, "what happened to the other one?"

"It caught fire," said Martin. The sentry accepted this reasonable explanation and led them to another vehicle.

IT was getting light when they pulled into Greenock. Out in the waters of the Clyde, Martin could see the *Hatters Castle* riding to the tide. The next problem, he explained to his American friend, was to get on board. Had he any friends with a boat in these parts? No, this time there was no Lease-Lend. Martin explained that if he went to the naval base and asked for transport, there would be awkward questions by senior officers with no sense of proportion. The helpful American made a speech. He wasn't going to leave his pal in the lurch, he said, he'd put his hand to the plough, there could be no turning back. They must find a boat and he, the American, would row Martin out to the haybox.

They set out to search the foreshore and presently they found something that could be described as a boat, but Martin pointed out that there were no oars or rowlocks. The helpful American asked for an explanation of those nautical terms and having heard it, whipped out a G.I. knife and started to fashion a couple of paddles from the bottom boards of the boat. Martin watched with admiration as chips of wood flew into the air in an endless stream. In half an hour they were ready to start. They launched the boat, and sitting like a couple of Redskin Indians on the gunwale, they paddled across the helpful tide on a course for the *Hatters Castle*.

It was a glorious spring morning. The sun came slowly out of the Clydeside haze and warmed them as they toiled with their improvised paddles. Martin looked anxiously at his watch. Half an hour to go before the hoisting of colours at 8 a.m. If he could get aboard before then all would be well, provided of course that his commanding officer didn't see him arrive. Suddenly out of the blue came to him an ice-cold thought so devastating that he laid his paddle in with a groan.

"Say, pal," said the helpful American, "what's bitten you?"

Martin looked at his benefactor and picked his words carefully.

"I've just remembered something," he began, "you know I told you I had to catch the 23.25?"

"Sure—sure," said his friend, "23.25. Don't tell me it was really the 23.26?"

"No," said Martin, "I won't. But what I've remembered is that the 23.25 was the train for London. I was going on leave for a week."

"So you didn't have to get back to your ship after all?"

"That's right," said Martin, "fearfully sorry and all that. I—er—was so keen on not forgetting the time that, what with one thing and another, I forgot I was on leave."

"Well—well," said the helpful American, "you don't say." He backed with his paddle. "How's about pulling for the shore sailor?"

The little craft went slowly back to its starting point. The Captain of the *Hatters Castle*, tempted on deck by the sunshine, watched it through his powerful binoculars. He observed to the first lieutenant that he would never have expected that young Duckweed to have chosen such a healthy pastime for his week's leave.

Once ashore again the Englishman and the American compensated a wrathful Scot liberally for the loan of his coracle, and walked a trifle wearily back to the jeep.

"What now?" asked the helpful American. Martin looked at his watch.

"I've fifteen hours in which to catch my train for London," he said. "Will you be my guest until I catch it?"

The American smiled. "Sure—sure."

"I mustn't miss it this time," said Martin. "I've an infallible way of remembering things. I simply say 'whatever happens I must catch the 23.25,' and then I remember. Simple isn't it?"

The American smiled again. "Sure—sure," he said. "You Englishmen are wonderful."

END

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more and

more **TATTOO!**

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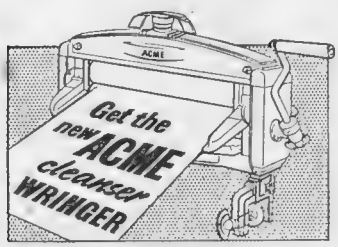

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Low Company

(*Continued from page 28*)

too. What if Sandra turned up suddenly and found him married to Mildred? He remembered what she had said. If anyone did that to me, she had said, he'd be sorry. I'd come back from the grave to haunt him. He was not even certain that Sandra was still alive, but he went on being afraid.

So there they were, at this impasse; and there they might have remained, blocked, but for his old taste for low company.

Not that *he* wanted any more of that. No; he had been there. It was Mildred's idea. They were going out to dinner and Mildred suddenly took it into her head to become bored with all the old places.

"Can't we go somewhere different this evening," she said. "I'm sure you must know some exciting places we could go to."

Well . . . so he did; and some of them too exciting for Mildred. But there was Sam's. No harm in going to Sam's.

Sam's was a neat little restaurant. The place was clean and its food was fair. Red and white checked cloths on the tables and red gauze curtains at its windows.

"It doesn't seem very sensational," Mildred said.

And then he told her that there were many places in London where you met people who looked like crooks but were not, but that Sam's was a place where you met people who did not look like crooks but were.

Mildred, however, was not at all impressed. Crooks or not the diners seemed rather dull—like a lot of big business men, dining with their secretaries.

Sam himself saved the evening. The place was very full, with no vacant seats anywhere except at their table. Sam came over to them. Would they mind sharing their table? Just one gentleman. He would be very much obliged. Mildred was willing, and he, though he would have preferred to have her to himself, wanted to please Sam. So . . . Why, yes. Of course. Certainly.

And a very good thing too as it happened.

Their "gentleman" went out of his way to be polite and more than polite. He did not merely sit at their table: he became one of the party. Or, more accurately, he forced them by his smiles and racy talk to join his party.

Mildred liked the man very much; *he* not quite so much—the fellow was a little too friendly, and a little too interesting to look at. He was one of those ugly-handsome men. Yes; an interesting face full of hollows and deep crevices, much beaten and battered by living, and made more interesting, at any rate for the romantically minded, by the scar across his temple and cheekbone which puckered up one eyebrow and gave to his face a permanently sardonic expression.

Mildred was plainly intrigued by their "gentleman." He too, but for a different reason. Who was the fellow? Where had he seen him before? He knew that face. It was not the first time that he had seen that scar. But where?

Well . . . they found out who he was. Sam told him and he told Mildred.

"Have you ever heard of Mike Mannzini?" he asked.

She shook her head. "Never. What is he? I should think that he would do well as a bigamist."

"He's the most dangerous criminal in the country. The one real gangster in the Hollywood sense. He carries a gun . . . which most English crooks have more sense than to do."

Mildred pretended to be a little contemptuous, but actually was a little thrilled. She went out of her way to find out all she could about Mannzini.

The man had been to prison once, but only once. He had been given a long sentence, but had been released on parole for some service he had rendered the authorities. He had been out of prison only a month or so.

Mildred knew all about it, and all about his trial. Mannzini had made but one personal appearance in court but he had been well reported. Here were all the newspaper clippings—enough of them to start a scrap book.

"And *that's* where you saw him before," she said. "You must have seen these photographs at the time, and then recognized him when you saw him the other evening. It is not a face that one would easily forget."

There were several photographs of Mannzini, and several of the woman in the case as well. Hers also was a face that one would not easily forget.

Mannzini, at his trial, had a great deal to say about the woman who had gone into the witness box and given the evidence that had convicted him.

"Keep out of my way, you bitch," he had said. "Don't ever let me run across you when I get out. If you do. . . ."

The pictures of the girl in the case meant nothing at all to Mildred, since she had never seen Sandra; but to him they meant a great deal. When he saw them he understood much, and no longer felt afraid. While Mannzini was free there was little chance of Sandra's coming back into his life.

"Yes," he said to Mildred. "I no doubt remembered him from these photographs, as you say."

It was one of the few deliberate lies he had ever told Mildred. He had seen Mannzini before . . . and not merely pictured in a newspaper. He had *seen* him. Spoken to him before, too.

"Oh . . . Why . . . certainly," he had said to him when the man had come across to his table and asked him for a light.

And Mannzini had smiled at him, and nodded, and said, "Many thanks."

He determined that if ever he ran into Mannzini again—though this was not very likely, for when he was married to Mildred he would take care to keep out of low company—but if he *did* run into him again he would smile at the man, and nod, and say . . . "Many thanks."

END

The Village Homes Of England

(*Continued from page 16*)

found near at hand. They worked on the most individual lines. Time was not the vital factor it is to the builders of our own day, and those craftsmen took infinite pains to fashion homes that were not only cosy to live in but beautiful to look at as well.

IN the sixteenth century, when very large areas of England were still covered with forests, timber was naturally the principal building material except, of course, in such districts as the Cotswolds which had rich deposits of stone. But as the population increased and the greater woodlands were felled, timber had to be used much more sparingly and was confined to the framework of cottages only. Nevertheless, this timber framing offered the greatest scope to the imaginative skill and ingenuity of craftsmen and produced some of the most attractive villages of our countryside.

In the West Midland counties half-timbered cottages are to be seen everywhere, many of the villages and hamlets being entirely composed of them. The spaces left between the upright and horizontal timbers were filled in with a waterproof mixture known as "wattle and daub," an early form of plaster, which was made with crushed sticks and finely-chopped straw and blended together with puddled clay and lime. So evolved the picturesque black-and-white style of domestic architecture which is such a striking feature of the borderland country stretching from the Wye Valley northwards to the mouth of the Dee.

Nothing illustrates the charm and diversity of England's village (*Continued on page 64*)

Grand stuff this, sir

says OLD HETHERS

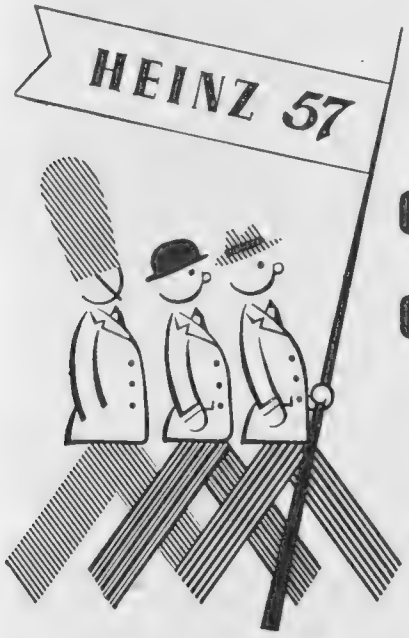
It's just the drink for a thirsty man. No, it isn't Robinson's Barley Water out of a bottle, though I'm not surprised you thought it was. It's made from Robinson's 'Patent' Barley, sold in tins. Bless you, no sir, it takes no time to make—just like a pot of tea. You're thinking of that old pearl barley you stewed for hours. I agree, sir, we'll all be glad to see the bottled kind back again, but don't go without your barley water in the meantime.

Barley Water from

ROBINSON'S

'PATENT' BARLEY

cvs-92



ONE BY ONE . . .

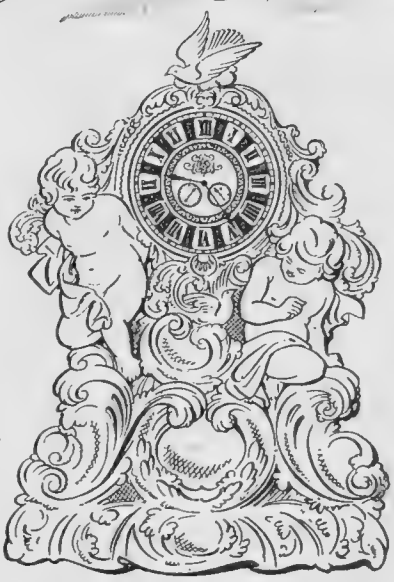
the famous varieties, are coming back to Civvy Street

HEINZ

Always ready to serve . . .

★ *Already about* BAKED BEANS, SPAGHETTI, SOUPS SALAD CREAM, SANDWICH SPREAD

Time on the Wing



"Time, as he passes us, has a dove's wing"—so wrote the poet: but many women, looking into their glass, have thought of Time simply as an enemy to their youth and beauty. But Time holds no terrors for the woman who knows how to protect her beauty. Truly, it seems that Time brushes these women with a dove's gentle wing in passing, turning the sparkle of youth into the sophisticated charm of maturity. It is not accidental that such women use always Pomeroy Beauty Preparations.

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London Salon: 174 New Bond Street, W.1

SKIN FOOD · BEAUTY MILK · CLEANSING CREAM · DAY CREAM · LIPSTICK
POWDER · DATHOS · SAFADA HAND LOTION - - *Prices from 18/6 to 4/-*

The best stockings are always signed –

Aristoc

FULL FASHIONED STOCKINGS

YES !... CHIVERS JELLIES!

Excited? Well of course—Chivers Jellies are coming into the shops again!! Not many at first, unfortunately, but John and Mary are lucky—they are children, and grown ups have been asked to reserve these first supplies for children and invalids who really do need Chivers Jellies most.

CHIVERS & SONS LTD.
The Orchard Factory
HISTON · CAMBRIDGE
Also at Montrose, Scotland

J404

We make BETTER COFFEE now!

My Coffee Booklet showed them how!

Send for a FREE copy of Chase & Sanborn Coffee Booklet to Standard Brands Ltd., Dept. CC, Aldwych House, London, W.C.2. It tells you all about coffee and coffee-making; it shows you how quick and simple it is to make *really good* coffee.

Chase & Sanborn
PURE COFFEE AT ITS BEST
A quality product of STANDARD BRANDS LTD.

V226

KERFOOT

If you have any
VAPEX

please make it last. If carefully used, a little goes a long way. After use the stopper should be tightly closed to avoid evaporation. Production will be resumed as soon as conditions permit

VAPEX . . . for Colds
A Drop on your Handkerchief

THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD.
Vale of Bardsley, Lancs., England

homes better than the familiar thatched cottage. The art of thatching has been practised for centuries in many districts, and it is interesting to see the various methods by which the old-time craftsmen set out to achieve the same purpose, namely, the laying of a good solid roof that is both windproof and watertight. These methods, incidentally, have been carried on by generations of thatchers and are still practised by the few skilled masters of that craft who survive to-day.

In such counties as Wiltshire and Hampshire, where thatched cottages abound in almost every village, the sloping roofs are carried well beyond the eaves and sometimes overlap the walls by as much as two or three feet. This is the oldest and, perhaps, the most delightful of all thatching styles. It originated in those days when cottage homes were built of much frailer materials and some extra protection for the walls was found to be necessary.

MANY of the smaller details of old country cottages make them pleasing to the eye. On the borders of Sussex and Kent doors and windows often show beautiful wrought-iron fittings, a reminder of the old iron smelting industry that flourished in this corner of England two or three centuries ago. In the villages of the Weald of Kent you find that bright weather-boarding covering the upper part of many cottage façades, serving a similar purpose to the tile-hung walls of Surrey. There are also the little tiled porches, often containing stone or wooden benches on either side of the doorway. These, of course, were added to protect the centre living-room against damp and draught in winter and the heat of the sun in summer.

In Suffolk the old cottage homes are long-remembered for their fine plastered walls,

The Village Homes Of England

many of them richly ornamented with carved mouldings or sculptured friezes. Plasterwork developed into a fine art in this part of England where the soil contains all the necessary chalk and clay, and the craftsmen who specialized in it were known as "pargetters." The true purpose of the plastered mouldings was to relieve the plainness and, at the same time, to strengthen the walls, which in many cases are only a few inches thick.

Most famous for their beauty, however, are the village homes of the Cotswold country which have a character all their own. Here the bygone stonemasons achieved remarkable effects with a single material, and their skill was quite unsurpassed. Every village and hamlet throughout the Cotswolds is full of the same kind of lovely cottages, characterized by splendid gables, mullioned windows and low-built chimneys. Even the narrow dripstones above the windows, though designed for a very common purpose, enhance each façade. Blending with the warm, bright colouring of the walls is the beauty of mellowed blue-grey slates which, like the stone itself, are quarried locally.

Hardly less delightful are the stone-built cottages of Dorset, to the south-west, and of the shires of Rutland and Northampton to the north-east. These, together with the Cotswold group, all lie within the great belt of oolite limestone that extends right across England from Portland Bill to the Lincolnshire wolds. This building material has given the countryside some of its most perfect domestic architecture and finest parish churches, and its rich texture and lasting qualities are second to none.

END

Harvest Moon (*Continued from page* 20)

the sheaves are tied by a self-binder. The sheaves are then picked up and stacked by hand and left to ripen in the field, a matter which can take any time up to two months, according to the vagaries of the weather. When ripe, the corn must be carted away and stacked, protected by a straw thatch, until the grain is required, when the stacks are threshed and grain separated from chaff. All these lengthy processes are, therefore, eliminated by the Combine, which is used in association with a grain-drier, making the farmer more or less independent of bad weather and saving many a crop in a wet season.

The Combine is an impressive enough affair out in the open fields; housed by Farmer Creed in his lofty tithe barn (beautiful medieval survival of mellowed stone, once the property of the Abbot of Glastonbury) it dominates its surroundings. At least eighteen feet high and thirty feet long, the scarlet machine looks like a blend of circus roundabout, engine of war, and car of Juggernaut. Two men are sufficient to keep this monster under control: one to drive (steering is done, rather unaccountably, by the back wheels) and one to see to the sacks of corn; about two acres of land are dealt with in an hour. What this means in reduction of human labour is difficult to assess with complete accuracy, but the Combine replaces the services of at least a dozen men in a working day, probably considerably more.

This enormous structure arrived from over the seas in a crate that measured no more than fourteen feet by eight by seven, and with it came an expert from the manufacturing firm—to unpack and assemble the parts into the whole that now (so anachronistically) dwarfs the aisles of Farmer Creed's historical tithe barn. The Combine is ready, for a second season, to take the barley fields the long day through, until the rise of the harvest moon.

END

The World's Most Wonderful Bird

(*Continued from page* 25)

wrestling match follows. To the accompaniment of violent gesticulations on the part of the mother, and wriggles and squirms from the young, the life-giving fluid is pumped in.

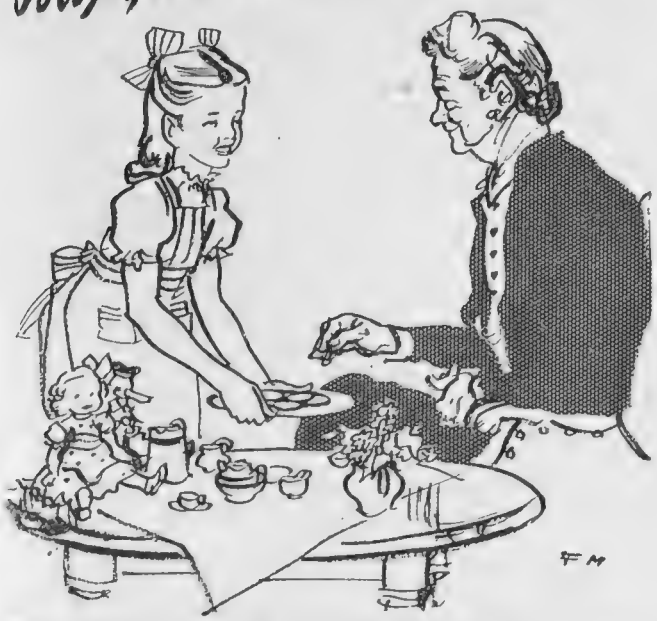
As the result of such food and treatment the young hummers gradually reach the adult stage. In the case of the ruby-throat, the young are sometimes as big as their parents in twelve days. This growth in size is equalled by the amazing transformation which the young undergo.

The natal covering cracks open, and small pin feathers change the erstwhile grubby black caterpillar into a nondescript tiny porcupine. A few days later downy feathers begin to blossom, the bulge becomes a beak, and the leaden skin on the protruding eye-sockets cracks open to reveal a new-born eye. The time from the cracking of the egg to the departure from the nest is three weeks to a month.

The young humming-bird indulges in considerable wing-practice before it leaves the nest. Standing at first in the nest itself, and later on the rim, it vibrates its wings until they are only a mist on either side of the tiny body. William L. Finley says he has seen a young Anna's humming-bird make its wings buzz so fast that they almost lifted it off its feet and it had to hang on with its feet to prevent itself being lifted into the air. This bird practised many times during the day until it had mastered the art of balancing and rising in the air.

Sometimes the young bird will move its wings in slow-motion and then suddenly switch into high-gear. All this exercise develops and (*Continued on page* 66)

"Jolly good biscuits, Granny!"



Dainty Fare are biscuits for very dainty people. Sweet, rather short-eating and rich in flavour, they are typical of Weston quality. The utmost skill, the most modern resources, the finest ingredients obtainable, ensure the quality. Ask for Dainty Fare—1/2d. a pound. (There's a lot to a pound !)

Weston

For an adventure in *NEW BEAUTY* —

Try Hollywood's Favourite

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BRAND
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The Screen Star Secret that beautifies instantly...

JUDY GARLAND
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'MAX FACTOR' Cosmetics of the Stars are obtainable only from your local Chemist, Hairdresser & Store

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150 MORE SHEETS
TO THE ROLL *and*
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PRESERVING COMPANY
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Manufacturers of the Celebrated

'CHUNKY'
MARMALADE
and of High class Preserves..

Maidenhead, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Ely
and Horsted Keynes.

When
"Golden Shred"
reappears upon the breakfast table you will know that
The World's Best Marmalade
is being made again. Until then the Marmalade to buy is
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James Robertson & Sons (P.M.) Ltd.
Golden Shred Works
London, Paisley, Manchester, Bristol.

Coming soon—

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Tangee

keeps you young and gay

LIPSTICK • ROUGE • POWDER

co-ordinates the wings so well that, when the bird takes off for its first flight from the nest, it exhibits at once that supreme mastery of the air for which its race is famed.

What words can describe the full glories of an adult humming-bird? Even the severest scientific description becomes lyrical when it attempts such a task. "Living prism," "flying rainbow," "jewel on wings," "a feathered ball of fire," "a rainbow shimmer," "a gleam of ruby and emerald," "a flicker of turquoise," "a glint of topaz"—these are the words men use when humming-birds are the subject of their writing. It is small wonder, for where else will so much loveliness of the world be found concentrated in a living mite three inches long from needle-beak to tip of tail?

In view of the fondness shown by humming-birds throughout their range for honey-producing flowers, and as their stomachs are smaller and their livers larger in proportion to their bodies than those of other birds, it used to be thought that they lived exclusively on nectar. But examinations of stomach contents have shown that this liquid is by no means their only fare. The stomach of one humming-bird was found to contain thirty-two *grasshoppers*, one spider, one fly and several other insect remains.

But although feeding largely from insects and spiders, humming-birds certainly consume nectar as well. In fact, they are particularly well adapted for probing the honeyed hearts of flowers.

IT is during the courting season that the tremendously vital lives of humming-birds are at the zenith. Two strikingly different modes of courtship are practised. One is the "static," in which the male takes his stand in a particular piece of territory and untiringly sends forth a rather melancholy love-note in the hope of attracting a passing female. The second form of wooing is the "dynamic," in which the male, to dazzle and win a mate, gives aerial displays which are without parallel in the avian world.

In many of these courtship flights the male wins his mate by dive-bombing her. He towers to a height of sixty or seventy feet, then shoots down in a breath-taking power-dive towards the perching female. The rapidly vibrating wings, combined with the terrific speed at which the tiny body hurtles downwards, causes a shrill whistle which reaches its peak as the feathered bullet flashes past the female and zooms upwards to complete an immense U around his would-be mate. He then repeats the whole thrilling display two or three times without a pause.

Some observers say the power-dive is

The World's Most Wonderful Bird

made at such extreme speed that it is impossible to distinguish the bird itself.

Several factors are responsible for making the humming-bird such a marvellously efficient aeronaut. The compact, streamlined body, from rapier-like beak to short, powerful tail, is the perfect instrument for cleaving air with the minimum of resistance. The tail is capable of almost any adjustment, fanning, furling, raising, lowering, swivelling at will. It acts like a third wing and thus facilitates the lightning aerial manœuvre in which the humming-bird is such a master.

But the chief item in the humming-bird's flying equipment is its wings. To support them the bone and muscles of the breast are enormously developed—they are, in fact, colossal in proportion to the body. The wings themselves are well-shaped for fast movement and beat many times faster than those of any other bird.

The power necessary to drive such a tremendously high-geared engine is obviously enormous. It is supplied by the tiniest avian body working at "white-heat." The pulse rate of a humming-bird is 1,400 per minute—twenty times faster than that of a human being! Small wonder that a humming-bird is constantly refuelling its tiny "engine." Captive humming-birds feed, during daylight hours, at least once every ten minutes. But, and this is yet another of the miracles that is constantly met with in these amazing birds, some specimens are able to store enough fuel to make a 500-mile non-stop flight across the Gulf of Mexico!

THERE is not much reliable information on the actual speeds reached by humming-birds. In view of the great difficulties of timing such flying atoms of living quicksilver, this lack of information is not surprising. H. A. Allard, however, says that when he was making a fast car trip a ruby-throat suddenly flew parallel to his course along the side of the road as if deliberately racing him. Judged by the car speedometer (admittedly not an ideal instrument for timing the speed of a bird) that tiny bird, weighing but a couple of grams, clocked between fifty-five and sixty miles an hour.

But it is neither the speed of its wings nor the rate at which it can hurl its body through the air that is the most remarkable feature of the humming-bird's flight. It is the bird's amazing power of aerial control, which enables it apparently to defy all the laws of aerodynamics and just fling its body in any desired direction or just hang on invisible wings motionless in space.

END

Books (*Continued from page 41*)

only certainty he could count on was evidently Mrs. Ford, whom he considered the greatest event of his life: "She has always believed in me and backed me in whatever I've attempted. I've always called her 'the Great Believer.'" In "Henry Ford" (Michael Joseph, 18s.) Mr. William Adams Simonds blue-prints his life in a factual style that will specially appeal to business men and industrialists.

MR. MICHAEL BARSLEY, satiric creator of "Colonel Bogus," appears to have had a good time between his native Liverpool, Oxford, an advertising office, and B.B.C. War Report. He went to Oxford when it was dominated by the Four B's—Bloods, Buchmanites, Bolshies, Blackshirts—and quickly came to the conclusion that "To get Somewhere, you have to have Something: to have Something you have to be Someone: to be Someone you have to have been Somewhere." "The Wolf at the Door" (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.) is his diverting autobiography written with a zest still young and fresh enough for him to say of a lush young secretary who pops in at a door: "Her friendly bust gave promise of pneumatic bliss." The wit is illustrated by his boldly pneumatic line-drawings.

ONE man's reactions to love, mistresses, wives (three), health, war, money, business, wine, food, religion are anatomized by Mr. Louis Marlow in "Forth, Beast!" (Faber, 8s. 6d.), a psychological study as unconventional in style as Norman Douglas's "South Wind." His Dexter Foothood, whom we met in "Swan's Milk," is portrayed here from his early fifties to early sixties. He may seem, his author suggests, selfish, unscrupulous, pleasure-seeking, lecherous, cowardly, snobbish, mean, and a prey for many vices—but that is wishful thinking. In the main he is just naughtily Joadish . . . and as mentally exciting and stimulating as anyone I have met in books for years.

GIVE Miss Esther Meynell an old cottage with pewter, lustre, a shelf of the more sedate authors, and perhaps a village ghost, and she will count the world well lost. She has already written of her passion in "Sussex Cottage" and "Building a Cottage." In "Cottage Tale" (Chapman & Hall, 12s. 6d.) she tells of another with a "simple Georgian face," the home delights with which she invested it, the neighbours who surround it, and what she reads in her lotus-lovely hours. A quiet, reflective, enriching book—if you are not of the hungry dispossessed.

—a shadow on happiness

The number of cases of Venereal Disease in Britain has more than doubled since 1939. A very important cause of the spread of V.D. is ignorance. The object of these advertisements is to provide information about the prevalence of these diseases; how they are caught and spread; and how they may be cured by early treatment.

Clean Living is the real safeguard

What are the Venereal Diseases?

The main ones are Syphilis and Gonorrhœa, two very different diseases caused by different germs.

Syphilis is a dangerous, a killing disease. If not treated early, skilfully and completely, it can cause death or total disablement in early middle life. **Unless an infected mother is given skilled treatment early in pregnancy, she can pass on syphilis to her unborn child.**

Gonorrhœa, though not so dangerous as syphilis, is a serious disease and is one of the causes of chronic ill-health and inability to have children.

What are the signs of V.D.?

The first sign of syphilis is a small ulcer on or near the sex organs; it appears from 10-90 days—usually 3 or 4 weeks—after infection. Gonorrhœa usually shows itself from 2-10 days after infection, as a discharge from the sex organs.

How are Venereal Diseases caught?

In adults, almost always through sexual intercourse with a person who already has the disease. The passing of the disease in any other way is so uncommon that it need not be feared.

How can they be avoided?

The germs of V.D. cannot appear in the body of their own accord. Nor can they be carried through the air like the germs of colds or measles; but any man or woman, boy or girl, who has sexual relations with a casual acquaintance, risks picking up V.D.

How and where can V.D. be cured?

Venereal diseases can be cured if treated early by a specialist doctor; self-treatment is useless and may be disastrous. A specialist's advice, and treatment if necessary, are FREE at any V.D. Clinic. For addresses of local clinics and opening times see local posters. Treatment is **absolutely confidential.**

Anyone who has the slightest reason to suspect V.D. should seek skilled medical treatment **at once.**

FURTHER INFORMATION IN CONFIDENCE can be obtained from your local Council's Health Department, or by writing to the Medical Adviser, Central Council for Health Education, Tavistock Square, W.C. 1. Please enclose a stamped addressed envelope.

THE MINISTRY OF HEALTH — THE CENTRAL COUNCIL FOR HEALTH EDUCATION

Issued by the Ministry of Health and the Central Council for Health Education (VD45-19)

Beyond the cottage, the wild life of the fields—fox, badger, rabbit, hare, mouse, vole, shrew and all that—of which B. Melville Nicholas writes intimately, for junior enjoyment, in "Wild Animal Friends" (Lutterworth Press, 6s.).

MEN are inclined to shy at feminized fiction, seeking safety in thrillers; but there are two novels this month of strong masculine interest. Miss Katharine Susannah Prichard's "The Roaring Nineties" (Cape, 10s. 6d.) is a vigorous tale of the Western Australian goldfields, the diggers' hardships, the "rush" stampedes and tough life in the saloons. Through prospectors like Gough, Quin, and Cavan—and women like Mrs. Gough—we get inside the mad struggle which left Quin saying at the end: "It was just the crazy way we let off steam. Art Bayley drank himself to death in a few years, and many a man's on the scrapheap now, who struck it rich and lived like a lord for a few months."

MISS ERNESTINE HILL'S "My Love Must Wait" (Gollancz, 10s. 6d.) is based on the life of cartographer-explorer Matthew Flinders, who sailed off as a lad with Capt. Bligh of *Bounty* fame and mapped the little-known Australian coast. At times her style is nervous, overwrought—"The world was bruised and black with rain, the grey cavalry of the rain galloping in across the marshes . . ."—but she has a keen sense of period and of the adventure of voyaging under sail. No man—and few intelligent women—should tire of 430 live pages of Matthew and company.

FRATERNIZATION in an occupied neutral country between a young widow and the invading Captain Paul Dettin who gave the order which killed her husband is the theme of Miss Ethel Mannin's "The Dark Forest" (Jarrolds, 9s. 6d.). She has to sentimentalize her Captain to make the situation convincing, but the emotional conflict is handled with sympathy. Having tackled so earnestly a delicate subject like "fratting"—which moves some to hope, faith and charity, and others with longer, harder memories to exasperation—I hope she will read Foothood's cogent views on Germans in "The Two Wars" chapter of "Forth, Beast!"

HERE is a list of other books which will repay the attention of readers :—

"Arabia Phœnix," by Lt.-Col. Gerald de Gaury (Harrap, 10s. 6d.). An account of a visit to Ibn Saud, chieftain of the austere Wahhabis.

The book contains sixty-four illustrations and a foreword by Freya Stark.

The journey, which forms the story, took de Gaury through Nejd Arabia, to the Court of the powerful Arabian king in the days before industrialization of the country began or mechanized transport became common.

Local customs are pictured throughout—not in a guide-bookish manner, but as a natural background to the action. That is the advantage of describing a country wherein so much of the past is also the present. A comprehensive bibliography completes this interesting volume.

"Antoine," by Antoine (W. H. Allen, 10s. 6d.). The life-story of a genius who has created his own art which truly deserves the name of "hair-sculpture."

"He Walks Alone," by R. J. Ellis (W. H. Allen, 12s. 6d.). The private and public life of Captain Cunningham-Reid, D.F.C., Member of Parliament, 1922–1945.

"What to Do Till the Doctor Comes," by Donald B. Armstrong, M.D., D.Sc. (Harrap, 7s. 6d.). A home manual for emergencies.

"Desert Sanctuary," by Edith Harford Nelson (Skeffington, 12s. 6d.). The life-story of an Arab Sheik's English wife.

"Derwander Farm," by Angus Barden Dustin (Harrap, 7s. 6d.). A simple story, charmingly told, which will hold the interest of readers of all ages.

"Lone Elm," by Anthony Prior (Skeffington, 9s.). A melodrama in which the dead and the living are tragically involved.

END

DUFRAIS *Special* VINEGARS

Tarragon
Garlic
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Elder
Cider
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Made from Natural Herbs Matured in Genuine Malt Vinegar

AND SOLD ONLY IN BOTTLE

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REGD. TRADE MARK
TOILET PAPER
Now pre-war quality & reduced in price!
PACKETS 1/- ROLLS 1/3
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A MOST DELIGHTFUL SWEET

A quality product of STANDARD BRANDS LTD
ALDWYCH HOUSE LONDON W.C.2.

Lucky Strike (*Continued from page* 15)

back of a skinny pony let a vast fortune slip through his fingers when he stood one day on a kopje marking the northern boundary of a little farm on a windy upland in South Africa. "Two hundred pounds?" suggested the farmer. The visitor noted the scarcity of trees. It wasn't a fertile spot. "Might talk business at a hundred," he countered. The farmer shook his head. "No. Guess I'll keep her."

The visitor rode away, leaving behind one of the richest veins of the great Witwatersrand. Under that farm lay the Modderfontein, which has paid about £30,000,000 in dividends to date. But our mournful friend was only one of many. Up to seventy years ago you could have bought the whole Witwatersrand for £1,000. For nobody knew then that under that eighty-mile skin of poor soil lay a cemented gravel bed impregnated with gold to the tune of about £10,000,000,000.

Tales of gold strikes are innumerable. But there are other strikes. . . . One day in 1867, John O'Reilly, an ostrich hunter, paid £5 for a bright pebble offered him by Van Nierkerk, a Dutch farmer who, in turn, had got it from a neighbour's child, who found it while playing on the banks of the Orange River. O'Reilly sent the pebble to Grahamstown for a test. It turned out to be a diamond. The Governor of the Cape bought the diamond for £500. A bargain; it is worth about £30,000 to-day.

Nierkerk heard, and kept quiet. Only he knew where the stone came from. Two years later a Hottentot boy brought him another bright pebble. Nierkerk bought it for a bag of mealies. The Earl of Dudley subsequently paid £25,000 for it. It was the famous Star of Africa, 83½ carats of first-water diamond. Then the secret broke, and the rush was on.

Twenty thousand men dug furiously over a little patch of yellow earth at Kimberley. The mining regulations prescribed that paths be left between claims. But when the diamond seekers got down to 150 feet, the paths fell in. Water also seeped in. Finally, the yellow ground gave out. Under it was blue ground, too hard for spade work and yielding no diamonds.

"She's worked out," said the old hands.

They sold out, grinning behind their hands, to a couple of mug immigrants, a little East End Jew trader named Barnato, and a young English clergyman's son named Rhodes. These two bought until between them they owned most of the Big Hole. Then men learnt that Barnato and Rhodes had made the real big strike. The yellow ground was only a skin over the true diamond pipes. The blue ground held bigger and better diamonds; diamonds, it seemed, without end. The two fought for mastery, but finally made peace, and merged their interests in De Beers Consolidated. Neither had much luck, outside mere wealth. Rhodes died too young; he had a weak heart. And Barnato fell or was pushed off a boat: he had too many enemies.

The oil story used to be punctuated with lucky strikes; but most of the 40,000 new wells that are drilled annually, now are explained more by scientific blue-prints than by luck. The old wild-catter, who sank a dust hole and went broke, or struck oil and turned a £1,000 stake into a fortune, belongs to the age when women had hour-glass figures and the legendary John D. was only about £30,000,000 along the path of his ultimate £300,000,000 fortune.

The first oil well was all luck. It went down in 1859 and the oil came at 69 feet. The last notable well was all science. The Attock field, in India, was about exhausted. But the geologists stubbornly held to a theory which kept the management obstinately boring down through the bottom of the dry rock reservoir. Sure enough, science was right. A new gusher came in at great depth. The drill had broken through into a lower reservoir, separated from the upper tank by a mile of rock. The shares of the company, which had been nose-diving, turned around, and went rocketing.

It took a long time. But not so long as the Persian strike, in which luck was all mixed-up, the luckiest party being Mr. Sarkis Gulbenkian, Abdul Hamid's old adviser, who clung through all vicissitudes to a 5 per cent interest, which in the end made him a millionaire. That story begins in 1901, when D'Arcy, an adventurous fortune-seeking Australian lawyer, met an American oil geologist, and on the latter's theory went to Teheran and bought a sixty-year concession to seek oil. D'Arcy's money ran out, and the Rothschild-backed Royal Dutch-Shell group took him over.

About the same time Abdul Hamid sold a rival German financial group a concession to hunt oil in the neighbouring Turkish province of Mesopotamia. The Germans didn't know how to get oil, Abdul got no royalties, and he was starting to double-cross the Germans with the Dutch-British group, when Enver Pasha seized power, and all Abdul's deals were off. Into this mess came Sir Ernest Cassel, British financier of German-Jewish origin, and then head of the Turkish National Bank. Pointing out that everybody wanted oil and money, and nobody was getting either, he persuaded the conflicting parties to merge their interests; and the new Turkish lease was ready for signature when the first World War broke out.

Six years later, Germany and Turkey having lost the war, the muddle was straightened out. British, Americans, French, Dutch and Persians got together in a new company (in which Mr. Gulbenkian had his 5 per cent interest); and at last, a quarter-century after the oil geologist had whispered in D'Arcy's eager ear about oil under the Kurdish deserts, up went the derricks, down went the drills, and one day in October, 1926, with a thunderous roar, a huge black spout rushed up 1,500 feet, sprayed the countryside, killed a couple of drillers, and took a week to cap. The first strike of oil in the vast reservoir under Persia and Iran, was made.

Equatorial Africa had a near monopoly of radium—twenty-five grammes a year from the famous Katanga mines in the Congo, against five from the only three other producing countries—and the price was £17,500 a gramme, when an aeroplane pilot, flying over Great Bear Lake, twenty-eight miles below the Arctic Circle in north-west Canada, was puzzled by a black speck far away on the limitless polar snowcap. An Eskimo village? A wrecked plane? He pulled over for a closer look.

His report, when he got back, reached Gilbert LaBine; and presently a plane landed LaBine and another prospector, Charles St. Paul, with 1,600 pounds of food and a sled, on the edge of the great fresh-water lake, near the mysterious oasis of earth in the midst of a frozen waste of snow and ice. LaBine, son of an Irish-French doctor, knew what to look for. Reaching boyhood when the Curies' discovery of radium was world news, he had been looking for pitchblende since he left school and started work in an Ontario mine. Prospecting from Quebec to Hudson's Bay, he had found a silver mine which did not pay, and a gold mine with no gold in it; but no pitchblende, mother ore of radium. His theory was that a deposit of radio-active minerals had melted the snow and ice.

Working along the lake shore with his companion, he found rock with recognizable traces of silver, cobalt and copper. But they meant nothing in this remote place, 1,100 miles from a railway, on the edge of an inland sea frozen ten months out of twelve, and with only a few Indians and no whites in the whole immense lonely region. And then he saw his pitchblende, a spot of it no bigger than a plum. Back in Ottawa, the Mines Department confirmed his discovery. In America, he found backers ready to finance the world's most inaccessible mine.

They had to fly in personnel, food, supplies, and fly out the precious pitchblende concentrate. Soon forty-five planes were on the shuttle service, maintaining the miners who daily brought 160 tons of ore up from the vein 300 feet down, and flying the concentrate 4,500 miles south to the refinery. Starting in 1933 with three grammes—it takes 450 tons of ore to yield a gramme—the El Dorado mine worked up by 1936 to twenty grammes, and headed for a target of one hundred grammes. Under the impact of this lucky strike, the price of radium dropped from £17,500 to £6,100 an ounce.

The strike was bigger than LaBine knew, for in the 'forties came the second World War, and the atomic bomb; and radium's companion metals, thorium and uranium, jumped to the top of the precious-metals' list. They are the base materials in manufacture of atomic bombs and atomic energy. The world's biggest radium mine worked overtime to supply the American atomic bomb plants with the vital raw material.

A lucky strike of coal, iron ore and limestone in juxtaposition gave India her iron industry, the world's cheapest producer. A white iron expert imported by industrialist Tata to build a smelting plant, made the triple strike. Without it, a steel industry would not have been an economic proposition.

Bauxite, aluminium ore, was in short supply when America entered the war; and government hurried out prospecting crews armed with magnetometers and gravity meters to hunt new deposits. In an Arkansas city there was an open space which had been bought as a negro park but never developed for lack of funds. The instruments of a prospecting crew revealed it to be bauxite rich; drilling crews arrived; and government payments for the airplane metal provided enough money to develop a dozen parks.

Manganese, the world's lightest metal (with war-uses ranging from aero engines to star shells and tracer bullets), is widely distributed, can be extracted from sea-water—and was during the war. But for economic working you need, besides the source of magnesium, abundant electric power, and cheap lime. The Germans had that—they got magnesium as a by-product of their great potash industry. The Americans, going to the sea for their magnesium, were stymied by the lime factor, until the big chemical company on the job made a lucky strike. Its prospectors found an incredible oyster bed near an ocean promontory which had everything else needed for magnesium production. They installed dredges, got out the oysters in quantity, burnt the shells to get their slaked lime, and mixed the lime with salt-water to get magnesium hydrate, the raw material which, treated, dried, and melted, pours out ready for casting into ingots, and handling like steel in forging shop and factory.

Until the end of time men will dream of making lucky strikes and achieving million-airedom overnight. I know two bored young ex-officers who have made a partnership to return to Egypt to hunt for Cleopatra's emerald mines. They think they have a clue. I also know a man who has found a gravel deposit on his acre of land, and, as he is on the edge of a big, new housing development, thinks he has made a lucky strike.

Which is the best bet? The gravel pit, or the lost emerald mine which was a lucky strike for Sesostris thirty-five centuries ago? You guess.

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